

# COUNTRY LIFE

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*Compton Collier.*

THE HON. MANSEL AND LADY ANN VILLIERS.

103, West End Lane, N.W.6.

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
OUR FRONTISPIECE: THE HON. MANSEL AND LADY ANN VILLIERS - - - - -	839, 840
MOTORS ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS. (Leader) - - - - -	840
COUNTRY NOTES - - - - -	841
GLAMOUR, by Jan Struther - - - - -	841
GUIDNIGHT, by Sally Holmes - - - - -	842
THEY GOT THE RESULT - - - - -	843
THE WEEK AT EPSOM - - - - -	846
HE DRIVETH FURIOUSLY, by Bernard Darwin - - - - -	847
THE WANDERINGS OF A WALRUS, by George T. Atkinson - - - - -	848
ART IN THE SALE ROOM - - - - -	850
AT THE THEATRE: AN EXPLANATION AND TWO PLAYS, by George Warrington - - - - -	853
COUNTRY HOME: HIGH GLANAU.—II, by H. Avray Tipping - - - - -	854
"THE GREAT STATUARY," by Christopher Hussey; OTHER REVIEWS - - - - -	860
CONTINENTAL RIDING AND ENGLISH IDEAS, by Lieut.-Colonel M. F. McTaggart - - - - -	862
BIRDS OF THE NIGHT, by Frances Pitt - - - - -	864
CORRESPONDENCE - - - - -	867
"A Society of England" (R. Hartley); New Light on the Little Owl (Dr. Walter E. Collinge); Field Life in India (Mary Carter); Totem Poles in British Columbia; A Wiltshire Lion (Philip M. Johnston); "A Cuckoo's Egg Strangely Placed" (Philippa Salvia); Old Gates Wanted (Major-General Cecil Pereira); Was It a Merlin? (D. Watkins-Pitchford); Facilities for Chastisement.	
A MARBLE HEAD OF THE SCHOOL OF POLYKLEITOS, by J. de Serre - - - - -	869
THE ESTATE MARKET - - - - -	870
THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD - - - - -	xlvi
THE TRAVELLER: THREE TUSCAN CITIES - - - - -	liv
TRAVEL NOTES - - - - -	lvi
ENGLISH AND FRENCH PARTRIDGES - - - - -	lviii
THE GARDEN: GARDEN FAVOURITES FOR SUMMER SOWING - - - - -	lx
THE IRIS SHOW - - - - -	lxiii
THE LADIES' FIELD - - - - -	lxiv
A Lovely Two-piece Toilette for Ascot; Little Details Which Add Charm to the Toilette; Things That Matter, by Kathleen M. Barrow.	

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## MOTORS ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS

WHETHER the beauty of Sussex resides in its Downland or in its Weald, in its long lines of naked hills or in its thickly wooded plain, may be left to those poets and writers who know the county most intimately. To the majority of people it is the Downs that rise up instinctively in the mind's eye whenever there is mention made of Sussex. Their smooth rounded contours and soft green colouring are extraordinarily satisfying in a manner that it is difficult to define.

No rugged landscape here, no beauty hurled  
From its Creator's hand

Wilfrid Blunt felt it,

But a green plain on which green hills look down  
Trim as a garden plot.

He was thinking of the view from Chanctonbury Ring, but it might equally apply to those from Ditchling or Firle or any other of the high points along the ridge of the Downs.

Unfortunately, that feeling of peace and solitude which one receives from the untrammelled green slopes of the Downs is now so seriously threatened that it may soon be impossible to enjoy their wide acres untroubled by jarring

sights and sounds. In more than one place the iniquity of a bungalow village like Peacehaven has been repeated, and now comes the added menace of electric supply cables striding across the inviolable hills like the Martian engines of war in one of Mr. H. G. Wells' stories. But a matter of more immediate and personal concern is the way in which the quiet of the Downs is violated by noisy parties of motorists who every year, in increasing numbers, drive their cars on and about the tracks and bridle paths where it is never intended that they should go. It is a type of motorist who is reckless with his car and reckless with the property of other people, and he arouses just as much indignation among the generality of motoring people as among the humbler race of walkers. It is true that some motorists find themselves on the Downs almost by accident. They are lured by side roads which begin as passable carriage ways and then peter out on the open turf. It would save a great deal of inconvenience and misunderstanding to all parties if the landowners would erect notice boards at such turnings warning the public that the passage of motors is prohibited. One such road near Lewes is much abused by motorists. It turns from the high road and strikes up the Downs from Glyndbourne, and is, in fact, a magnificent Roman way running for five hundred yards to Saxon Cross and the open Downs. Any Sunday during the summer this once tranquil spot is now entirely robbed of its charm by motors forcing their way up to the Roman causeway above Glyndbourne Manor House.

But, not content with using the Downs as pleasure tracks, there are others who actually hold reliability trials and skidding competitions on Roman trackways near the Devil's Dyke. There is no questioning the fact that to take motors or motor cycles over the Downs is illegal. In actuality, most of the land is privately owned, and it is only by courtesy and immemorial privilege that the public has access to the Downs at all. What the motorist fails to realise is that he is closing the doors against himself. Several owners of large downland stretches have lately been obliged to wire in their land on account of marauding motors; and other landowners have been compelled to restrict access to tracts of beautiful country which, by courtesy and not by right, were once free to everybody.

The Sussex Downs, isolated and lonely—yet, at the same time, so friendly in colouring and contour—possess a charm that is unique in England or, for that matter, anywhere in the world. Tortuous paths and the difficulty of bringing up water and light have, up till now, restricted their development for industrial purposes, and thus preserved them in all their naked beauty. In the past, too, inaccessibility has given them a measure of peace that is nowhere else to be found in England. So goodly a heritage is not lightly to be frittered away. If the silence and solitude of the Downs are to survive as we know them, the landowners must make a definite move and, if necessary, take legal proceedings to obtain redress. They must regard themselves as holding these hills in trust for the nation and posterity. The legal remedy is in their hands, and should be used without delay. If they feel that to seek redress by means of the law is too inconvenient and expensive, there are the many county societies devoted to the preservation of rural England which would welcome a chance to take the matter in hand, and, if need be, collect the expenses by public subscription. A few prosecutions would soon serve to stamp out what has become an intolerable nuisance.

### Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Hon. Mansel Villiers, only brother of the Earl of Jersey, with Lady Ann Villiers, his younger sister. Their mother, Lady Cynthia Slessor, formerly Countess of Jersey, whose marriage to Mr. W. R. Slessor took place in 1925, is a daughter of the third Earl of Kilmorey.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



## COUNTRY NOTES

THE process of "taking over" the reins of Government has been carried through with commendable smoothness, and the Prime Minister, in justifying the selection of his Cabinet, is likely to find more criticism among the more emancipated of his own followers than elsewhere. On Monday, when the Government, following the example of their predecessors, staged a "talkie" in the garden of No. 10, Downing Street, Mr. MacDonald had a kindly word to say in introducing each of his team to the public, and nobody is likely to object that the careers which lay behind those few words of introduction were not such as to justify the entrusting to their possessors of high office in the State. One thing, however, strikes one in looking at the photographs. In spite of the youthfulness of Mr. Wedgwood Benn and the appearance of young Mr. Jowitt "by kind permission of Mr. Lloyd George," the Cabinet appeared no younger on the average than any of its predecessors. Indeed, this problem of "how to get their young men on" afflicts all parties alike. The official Opposition, as the Conservative party may now be reckoned, will come back to the House shorn of many of the most effective of its younger members, and its leaders must now be wishing that some of those delightfully safe seats which are the prizes of politics had been handed to the able young men whose help will be so much wanted in the next few years, instead of being used as a species of superannuation ticket. The policy of "pocket boroughs" which so constantly takes root in every political party and which forces the younger and abler men to spend half their political life in exile, must always be disastrous to the party concerned.

OUR recent leading article, entitled "A Society of England?" has, it is not too much to say, created a profound impression in at least two of the organisations which, it was suggested, should unite their resources for the preserving of the countryside. We understand that both the Royal Society of Arts, possessing a great name, a considerable income, a journal and a noble building; and Lord Crawford, to whose foresight and energy the Council for the Preservation of Rural England largely owes its being, consider the suggestion as at least practicable so far as these two bodies are concerned. We are able, moreover, to say that the Prime Minister, whose concern for the beauty of the countryside is well known, has privately urged the desirability of the various societies "getting together." This is a point of the first importance, for the new Government has well defined views on the relation that should exist between national finance and national beauty. Though it is impossible to say whether, on occasion, the Government would financially assist the cause of preservation if all the societies concerned in it coalesced, this much is obvious: in the great ideal of education the old charter of the Royal

Society of Arts and the modern programme of the C.P.R.E. are identical in intent, and, if a union matured, the C.P.R.E. would find ready to its hand an efficient and adequately endowed machine in the Royal Society of Arts.

THE announcement of the purchase for the sum of £212,000 of the "Cornaro" Titian and the Wilton Diptych for the National Gallery will give unbounded delight to all those who care for beauty. The Alnwick Titian, a reproduction of which appeared in our issue of June 1st, has been described as the noblest portrait in the world, and it certainly is the most famous and important of all the great Venetian pictures still remaining in English collections. It was originally described as "A large Picture in which is represented the miraculous Cross with Ser Andrea Vendramin, with his seven sons and Mesier Gabriel Vendramin, in a golden frame, painted by the hand of Sier Titian." The composition shows that rare combination of dignity with freedom of movement which characterises the masterpieces of Venetian portraiture. The possibility of acquiring the two masterpieces for the nation we are indebted in the first place to the admirable arrangement, made so long ago as 1922, under which the Government will find half of the sum required. Apart from this, the benefactions of Sir Samuel Courtauld, Sir Joseph Duveen, Lord Rothermere and Mr. C. S. Stoop alone made it possible for the Gallery to call upon the Government to do its part. It is worth remembering that £10,000 of the money which has come from the National Gallery Fund represents the bequest of the late Sir Claude Phillips.

### GLAMOUR.

The linnet is here, and the lark, and the yellowhammer,  
And the thrush that sings so clear at the break of day.  
The small brown birds are here; but the bright bird Glamour  
Has opened his shining wings and flown away.  
He lit on my hand for a while—I heard his singing,  
That was like an ache and a flame, a dream and a star;  
But now the sound grows faint; I can see him winging  
Through the dark woods of the world, travelling far.

It is he that young men dare for and old men sigh for,  
It is he that calls the sailor down to the sea;  
It is he that women bear for and soldiers die for,  
And where he has been comfort no more shall be.  
Through the dark woods of the world I stumble on:  
"Glamour, O bright bird Glamour, where have you  
gone?"

JAN STRUTHER.

IT is unfortunate, to say the least, that Kenwood House, which is an ideal picture gallery both from the visitors' point of view and in respect of the purity of the atmosphere in which the canvases find themselves, should yet present such unmistakable signs of neglect. Not that it is neglected by the public, nor that the upkeep or heating of the building is neglected. On the contrary, Mr. Roger Bland, a young pupil of Mr. Brangwyn, has recently decorated a tea-room in the old laundry that is at once fresh and in harmony with the house and landscape. But for forty years the pictures themselves have not been touched, so that the effects of injudicious early "restoration" have been allowed to work havoc on the paint, and simple matters of repair and cleaning been neglected. The result is that several of Reynolds' pictures present a sorry show of blisters, running bitumen and discoloration, many canvases sag owing to fractures of the stretchers, and on nearly all is a deposit of London grime. Hasty restoration would be worse than none at all, and the trustees, no doubt, mistrust a process that has ruined so many works of art. But the science of picture restoration has developed surprisingly in recent years, and expert treatment could at least prevent disintegration from going any farther.

ALBANY has found itself on the stage before now, though we doubt if it has ever been seen on the musical comedy stage. Anyhow, at Monday's garden party its long alley was a very good reproduction of bachelors' apartments as musical comedy specialises in representing them, with ladies in lovely frocks, delicious provisions and,

of course, music. Though the celibate character of Albany has gone the way of other good things, this hundred and twenty-fifth birthday of the venture finds the place looking much the same as when Byron lived in it and Macaulay found "a situation which no younger son of a duke need be ashamed to put on his card." The real significance of the occasion is that Albany is the progenitor of all the flats in England. The first Lord Melbourne had Sir William Chambers design the house which overlooks Piccadilly, but exchanged it with the Duke of York and Albany for the more stately house in Whitehall which is now the Scottish Office. The Duke of York is now on the top of his column, and in 1804 the house was opened as lodgings for single gentlemen. Soon afterwards the two long ranges of chambers were built on the garden behind, between which runs the covered way known as the "rope walk." This was the first experiment in a building expressly designed to provide separate self-contained lodgings.

ABOUT a year ago we called attention to the sale of an early seventeenth century pine-panelled room, attributed to Inigo Jones, which it was hoped might be preserved for the nation instead of going the usual way of such things—across the Atlantic. Thanks to the gifts of subscribers and no less to the generosity of Mr. Murray Adams Acton, who sold it at much below its real value, the room now rests safely in the Victoria and Albert Museum. In the description of it we published last year, it was suggested that it was designed by a craftsman in touch with the new ideas of Inigo Jones, but that there were indications to show that it was not the work of Jones himself. Some twenty years ago the room was at Haynes Grange, a farmhouse in Bedfordshire, which, it was assumed, must once have been a pavilion or banqueting house belonging to a neighbouring mansion. Recently it has been discovered that the room was only taken to Haynes Grange in 1794. The question arises, how did it get there? The suggestion has been made, and may very well be true, that it was brought from Houghton House, Ampthill, which was dismantled in that very year. An illustration of the forlorn and neglected condition of the ruins of the house appeared in our last week's number. It was built by Thorpe for the Countess of Pembroke, but is supposed to have been completed by Inigo Jones. If this were so, the tradition that the room was the work of Jones may, after all, be true, in which case its acquisition for the nation is all the more a matter for congratulation.

DOWN HOUSE, the home of Charles Darwin, was formally taken over last week by the British Association from Mr. Buckston Browne, who has generously given it to be preserved as a national possession. Mr. Buckston Browne and those who have so enthusiastically helped him have already done wonders in rescuing the house and garden from the decaying state into which it had fallen. There is much more yet to be done, but already the house looks once more what it used to be, a quiet country house, not in itself pretty, but having great charm and set in a garden which nobody could know without growing fond of it. The "Sandwalk" round and round which Darwin used to take his daily walk had become a tangled wilderness. It has now been made trim again: one side, where the path is arched over by trees, is as pleasantly dark and mysterious as it used to be, while on the other or open side there is the same view over the valley to the "Big Woods" still unsullied by a single house. Some day bungalows, broad roads and 'buses may come to Down, but it is pleasant to think that this little bit of it, at any rate, is safe for ever.

INSIDE the house the restorers' efforts have, as far as exact restoration is concerned, been wisely confined to the study. The drawing-room has, indeed, some of the old furniture and much of the old air, but, generally speaking, no more has been attempted than the reproduction of a Victorian country house. The study, however, but for the inevitable absence of books and papers rather untidily littered about the room, is as nearly as possible precisely as it used to be. It is not the room the picture

of which is familiar to readers of the *Life and Letters*, and has been reproduced elsewhere. That was the "new study," added to the original Down, and it was thought that the room in which the *Origin* was written was the one to be preserved. A pleasant little touch of verisimilitude is a large bandanna handkerchief lying on the chair. An old servant, whose memory had been prayed in aid, remembered that her master always had a handkerchief lying about, and gave up this one, which was her treasured possession. The making of a great man's home into a sanctuary is a principle that can be overdone, and it would be a pity if Down became merely an empty shrine. There is, however, no intention that this should happen. As Sir Arthur Keith said, it will take time to determine to what use the house may best be put to advance the cause of science, but, no doubt, some useful purpose will be discovered.

THERE are few sports as fascinating as pig-sticking, and the holding of an annual Hog Hunters' Dinner in London, with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as guest of the evening and Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell in the chair, marks the inauguration of a new annual sporting reunion. The dinner will bring together a large number of veterans who have ridden for the Kadir Cup in the past, and it is expected that many of the generation of to-day who competed for this year's Kadir will be home on leave in time to attend. The vogue for celebrational dinners in connection with sport is being rapidly extended, and the Shikar Club, which holds an annual festival in honour of big-game shooting, has again held a successful evening with Lord Lonsdale in the chair. There is no doubt that these organisations do a great deal of good by their support of the strong movement for the preservation of the fauna of the Empire and the proper control of sport and conservation of game resources of all kinds in our Colonies and Dominions overseas. Few movements have made such headway in recent years, and generations yet to come will have reason to be grateful to their forefathers who preserved for them shooting grounds in Africa which they will probably reach by aeroplane in less time than it takes our present generation to go by car to the moors of Scotland.

#### GUIDNICHT.

When I heard ye were deid  
Ma thochts gaed awa'  
Tae a lane braeheid  
Whaur the grey whaups ca'.  
An' I seen ye again  
As ye said "Guidnicht"  
In a drift o' rain  
An' the deen' licht.

Ye went oot o' ma sicht  
Up ower the brae . . .  
Aye, dear. Its guidnicht—  
An' a lang yin, tae.

SALLY HOLMES.

THE Severn barrage scheme is now nine years old, and there is hope that at long last the committee appointed by the Ministry of Transport has concluded its deliberations and is about to deliver its report to the Government. Supporters of the scheme hope that the report will be favourable, and argue that, had the conclusion of the committee been otherwise, this conclusion would have been reached some years ago. We hope that this optimism will be justified, for a great hydro-electric scheme on the scale of the Severn project would stimulate employment in the heavy constructional trades and have a very useful restorative effect on some of our industries which have been, lately, far from thriving. The scheme provides for a tidal power output of half a million horsepower, available for industrial, agricultural and domestic consumption, and it is undoubtedly the greatest scheme of its kind ever brought forward so far as this country is concerned. If it is favourably recommended and comes into being, it will very largely alter the appearance of the lower reaches of the Severn country; but it is understood that portions of the original scheme which might have

adversely affected both the amenities and the fishing have been abandoned. The scheme is so far-reaching and may have such important consequences that the nine years spent in expert consideration are little enough on which

to base an estimate. They cannot proclaim a certainty of success, for nature has ways of outwitting engineers, but they can at least tell us whether the scheme has that chance of success which is probable.

## THEY GOT THE RESULT

**T**HEY got the result of the Derby in New York before they got it in the Paddock—long before. It was a keeper at the Durdans horse-gate who told me this, telling me, too, that he bore them no grudge in New York. It had been, I gathered, a little exasperating at first when, standing at that lower far end of the Paddock, it had proved impossible to learn the result of the greatest race in the world—a race just completed, for the one hundred and forty-sixth time, within a hundred yards or so of where the speaker stood. It had been a little exasperating, but the man at the horse-gate was not unduly depressed—or not nearly so depressed as when he *did* hear the result. And then he only shared in a depression which was general. As to that, it must be true, I suppose, that we are the most sporting people in the world; or perhaps—in view of all the nationalities represented in that crowd of one million (as is said) souls—the truth is that the whole world, given half a chance, is very sporting. We may suppose that, of those million souls, three-quarters of a million had either backed no horse at all or had backed (for sixpence and upwards) so many of the horses that they couldn't possibly win any money whichever horse won the race. But there remains the odd quarter of a million. The polite reception given to the victory of Trigo by those two hundred and fifty thousand souls was a thing, to me, quite astounding. I will not suggest that the politeness of that reception took any vocal form. There was no one, I think, in all that crowd of a million who took off his hat to say, "Boys, the best horse has won. Let us give three cheers for Trigo." On the other hand, behind the stands after the race a man selling clockwork toys was adjuring his toys as they did their clockworked tumblings at his feet. "Well done, Trigo!" he cried, and "Now then, Trigo!" And no one bashed his face in.

Perhaps the rain had a steadying influence on us all. To my mind and to a moderately active man it was an almost

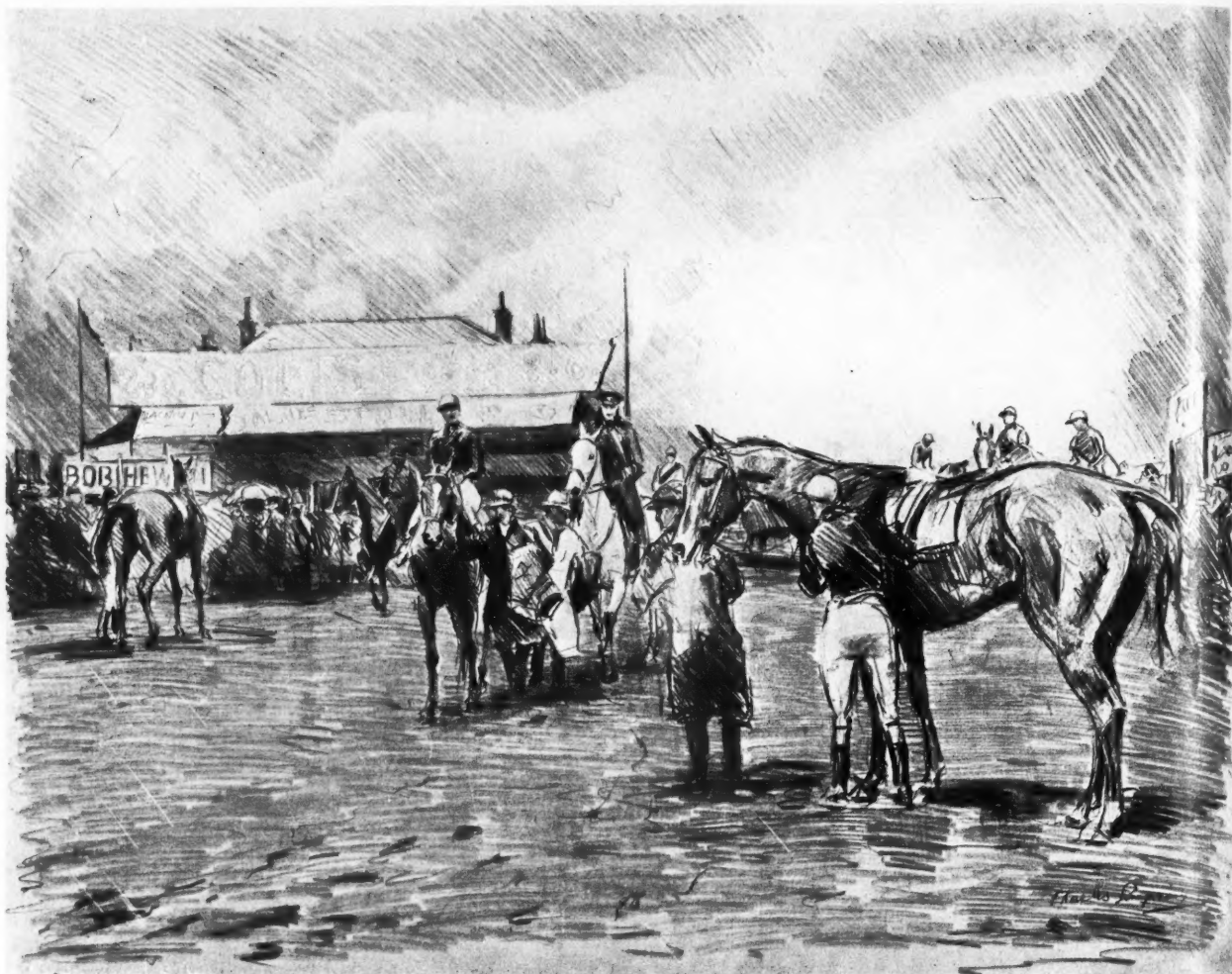
perfect Derby Day, for weather and for sight-seeing. A good deal of rain came, but when the rain came the cold wind of the morning went away. In the intervals from rain one could hope that the sun would yet come out to light up the colours in this wonder picture. The sun never did come out, but the picture remained a wonder, to be seen in a clear light. The most of us, after all, must wait for the experts to tell us (with oaths) what did happen in a Derby where all the backed horses were beaten; for the rest of us it should be enough if we have been able to see the whole of that Derby and been neither choked with dust nor soaked with rain in the process.

It is enough. They get the result in New York, but only at Epsom can we see the picture itself—see it and hear it, in the approved, modern manner of those disgustingly named "talkies." To see and hear the Derby properly a man should have two tickets and a pair of legs. If he were able to sit in the stands for the race, could be in the Paddock at saddling and odd times, and could have taken, earlier on, just one walk diametrically across the saucer of Epsom Downs—then a man was able to see the result of the Derby last Wednesday every bit as clearly as they heard it in New York.

He needed, of course, his legs—and in getting to and from the Paddock it was no handicap to a man last Wednesday if he was able to use his elbows, too. I am glad, myself, that the Epsom authorities have kept that quiet place, the high-hedge-rimmed Epsom Paddock, at quite a distance from the course. What is more important, the horses, too, must be glad about it. Completely out of sight of the crowd and almost out of the sound of them, the Epsom paddock is one of the most delightful features of a course, the arrangement of which has now reached almost the pitch of perfection. But any Alexanders among the racecourse authorities need not be discouraged: they still have a world to conquer. If all the rest of the traffic arrangements and crowd-disposals are now so admirable as to



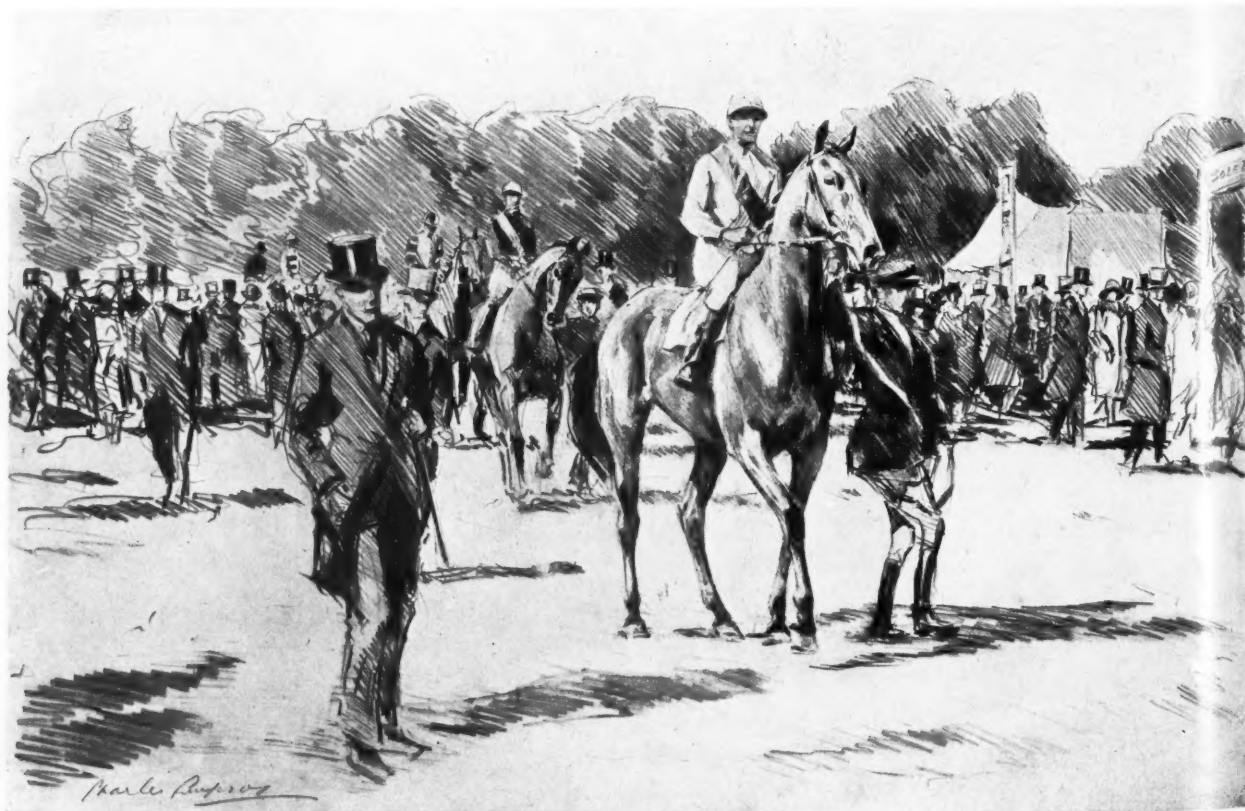
SADDLING UP FOR THE DERBY.



THE DERBY: BRINGING IN THE WINNER.

be entirely beyond praise, to describe the hundred yards of scrum-fighting which was necessitated by a coming or a going from the Paddock is a matter quite beyond all (politer) words. But the Paddock itself is a spacious, peaceful place: to a horse having the *entrée* through the quiet woodland paths of the Durdans there could be no more perfect approach to a running of the

race of his life. So altogether off the racecourse does the Paddock seem to be that it startled one afresh each time that horses and jockeys came cantering through it—returning from the parade to go down to the start, or pulling up after a race. Indeed, one poor old lady was so startled that she promptly fell down in front of all the horses, and on several occasions respectable,



PARADING FOR THE OAKS.

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Charley

law-abiding people found themselves being addressed a little briskly as they floundered in the paths of a bunch of jockeys and their horses suddenly appearing from nowhere.

But we don't go to the Derby in pursuit of peace—and if we have the sense to take that walk across the saucer of the Downs, we shan't get any peace. We shall get almost everything else, however, in a walk from the Paddock to the high south-east corner of the course. Almost at once, for example, we find ourselves among an army (with banners). "Fishers of men!" commands a leather-lunged, cheerful-looking soul who leads that army, and straightway the banners are rallied. There is a brass-band appeal in the hymning and the humming of this "Fishers-of-men" song, which appears to have so few other words to it. "Fishers of men; fish-urs of men"—I feel that I myself would be glad to stand upon a tub and to join in a bawling of that chorus. Instead, one must march on into the net, to see some queer fish. The whole of the deep valley to the south of The Hill is full of queer fish. With its shacks of all sorts, its tents and trombone players, its booths for the sale of bottled drinks, of ices and rubbery slabs of fried fish, the valley has a pell-mell appearance of a gold rush camp. Indeed, as the rain begins to fall there is even something a little sinister about this deep and rather dirty, untidy valley. It

have had enough of back view. We have no time to go still farther back to where caravan tops give evidence that gipsies live and linger on the Downs. Yet one would say that the threat has done good to gipsies. A gipsy lady—gratifyingly—claims me as her darling, and says that I have a sporting face. When her child gives a whooping cough and I bustle away forgetting to remunerate the lady—she refrains from withdrawing or making rude amendment to her comment on my face. A little threat has been good, it seems, for gipsies—who this year are as orderly and unabusive as any in the whole of that orderly crowd.

But three o'clock draws near—and it is the front view which we must have at three o'clock. A view of faces. Here, in the stands, we see the faces facing us—a mass, a great sheet of faces—looking up towards the stands and the straight from the slope of the Down behind those 'buses. Half a million faces packed so closely together that they have the appearance of great sheets of postage stamps spread out in huge sections before us. Scurrying back from the Paddock we have scarcely climbed to our seats when the leader of the parade appears. A hush begins to fall all across that saucer of the Downs. Twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two—we stop counting the horses, we no longer try to identify any particular horse. In the Paddock



#### WHILE RACES ARE LOST OR WON.

is as if, with the coming of the rain, a cry of "to your tents, O Israel," had gone up, and now they are largely in their tents—a ramshackle army in bivouac of shacks, with faces (and not all of them pleasant faces) looking out curiously at the throngs who thread their way among the shacks. There is room here, one would say, for fishers of men who don't mind a fine mixed catch.

It is pleasant to climb up out of that valley—past the temporary place of business of "The Old Original Gipsy Lee," the "One and Only," the "Real" and all the other Gipsy Lees—and to find oneself, at last, in one of the larger clear spaces which continue to be a picnic feature even of an Epsom invaded by an army of a million. Here we have the back view—the back view of Tattenham Corner and of nearly half a mile of 'buses, side by side, so that in the darkness of another rain-storm they seem to be a queer, high wall edging the five-furlong straight. Only when the rain stops and luncheon parties set to with knife and fork and bottle again—only then can we see that a 'bus is a 'bus, and that this yellow-streamered aeroplane above us is the *News of the World*, and that these swollen black mushrooms and paint-slashed notice-boards the property and protection of ten thousand "Old Firms" and of "Long Odds Charley" of Clapham or where you please. But by now we

a particular horse or two had filled us with admiration (or with disappointment) at the sight of that particular horse; here we can only think of horses as a whole and be glad that they should still have, in some sort, the power to silence a crowd. The parade begins to turn, horses and jockeys become individual again; a jockey is standing in his stirrups, a horse reaching at his bit as they canter back for the start. A muddle of horse-leaders and helpers is left quicksilvering together in one blob before they slide off the course to leave it clear for the greatest race in the world.

The hush holds good. It is not, in reality, a silence; it is still going giddily round among the shacks of the farther slope. I wish that it would stop going round and that this single, arm-flapping man on a perch across the way would cease his flappings. O most frantic, impious flappist, what jewel or horror of stable information has reached you at this last of moments that you, alone among a million of us, should be flapping and—*They're off!* Giddy-go-round has stopped. Everything has stopped. High up, on the farther rim of the saucer, a many-coloured ribbon of jockey jackets grows swiftly longer, seen threaded through the close-filled figures of the distant crowd.

At Tattenham Corner the ribbon becomes a bunch of ribbons. Three, four, *five* horses swing wide—and now there are no more ribbons: there are ten horses stretched in the gallop of their lives—and any one among them may yet—. No! There

are only two horses. We jerk our glasses back to find what has happened to the horse, and the horses, of our choice. When we jerk our glasses forward again there is only one horse to watch. And the Derby is over. CRASCEDO.

## THE WEEK AT EPSOM

THE reader has probably heard before this that the Derby was run on a wet and dismal afternoon, and that the crowd was so tremendous as to give the notion of a new record having been established. As to that who can tell? There is no reliable way of comparing this year with any other. It must be merely a question of impressions. Anyhow, it was a thoroughly depressing day, what with the weather and the racing, but especially with the result of the Derby. A field for the premier classic race of the year never gave me less satisfaction. Mr. Jinks, the grey colt, was the most commanding and the one that made most friends. Yet how shockingly he was to deceive! Hunter's Moon has not the best of forelegs, and those who would have it that the shin soreness or jarring made no matter were merely deceiving themselves. It mattered so much to Lord Derby's colt as to have made all the difference, in my opinion, between failure and success.

Cragadour I have described before. He is of rather less than medium size, but compact and sturdily built. He has quality, too, and delightful action, but confidence in him had waned because his final gallops had revealed him in the light of a feared non-stayer. Walter Gay I found to be a commanding colt by comparison with so many that were either undersized or signally lacking in distinction. Lord Woolavington's colt is a chestnut the same colour as his sire, Captain Cuttle, who won the Derby seven years ago and is now at the stud in Italy. His joints are not all good, and probably explains why there may have been some anxiety in training him and why there was some doubt about his going to the post. However, he went all right, and important was the part he played as it turned out.

I call Kopi a handsome brown colt by Spion Kop, showing a lot of the character and points of his sire. Gay Day is handsome, too, but he is also incorrigibly unreliable, though on this occasion he could not be said to have been more untrue to his Two Thousand Guineas form than were Mr. Jinks and Cragadour. The Aga Khan's Le Voleur is a colt of some quality, by Gainsborough, possessed of most of the good points you expect to find in a racehorse of class. Really he ought to be ever so much better as a racehorse than he actually is. On this day, I am satisfied he was far more esteemed than his stable companion, Trigo.

I have seen better starts of the Derby. This one was marred by Kopi and Posterity losing several vitally important lengths through a horse in their neighbourhood swerving across them. Meanwhile Hunter's Moon, drawn No. 1, had got off so smartly that his jockey, Weston, was compelled to make the running. He could only have pulled back at the risk of being cut off and denied the chance of improving the position when the right moment should arrive. Cragadour and Mr. Jinks were well away, but really that was all I saw of them. I had to follow the progress of Hunter's Moon, noting that Trigo, En Garde, Barbizon and Le Voleur were in close company. As the Derby winner never comes in these times from behind the first bunch, I made sure that the little group mentioned contained the solution of the long-debated problem. Which one? It must surely be Hunter's Moon or, perhaps, Le Voleur.

Hunter's Moon began to assume more and more the

part of the likely winner as he continued to lead through the descent of Tattenham Corner to the straight. True, Trigo was racing with him and on his right, but I could not take that one seriously just then. I very soon was compelled to do so; for they had barely turned for home when I saw Trigo begin to alter the whole aspect of things. Galloping smoothly, he drew level. Weston called on Hunter's Moon, but the colt faltered, and Trigo was left in sole possession. Where was there any danger? I cast a glance back and could see none. Mr. Jinks, Cragadour and the rest of the fancied ones were shut out of the picture. On came Trigo.

I looked back again. Surely, I thought, there must be some serious challenger of this Irish colt. And then, belatedly, Walter Gay suddenly shot out and began to lessen the big gap. I instinctively knew he had come too late, but I shall always remember the way he drew nearer when his long stride met the rising ground. It brought him to a length and a half of Trigo as Mr. Barnett's colt passed the post the winner of this quite sensational Derby. And though Hunter's Moon was persevered with in order to save the place money, he could not do any more. Brienz, in the colours of Mr. Somerville Tattersall, passed him to take third place. Fourth, therefore, was Hunter's Moon.

The winner's starting price was 33 to 1; Walter Gay's 100 to 7; Brienz's 50 to 1. Had the Totalisator been in operation, Trigo's price would surely have been much nearer 100 to 1, perhaps more. For very few people backed him apart from those who had taken a shorter price about him for the Derby prior to the Two Thousand Guineas and had looked upon their money as lost. His breeding is, of course, a detail of great importance to breeders throughout the world, and I may remind you, therefore, that his sire, Blandford, was by Swynford from Blanche, a mare by White Eagle that belonged to the National Stud. As a yearling Blandford made only 730 guineas, being bought by Mr. R. C. Dawson, who exploited him as a racehorse. He did well, winning, among other races, the Princess of Wales's Stakes as a three year old.

We may say they were a moderate lot of three year olds that went to the post, and we may think that Walter Gay was probably unlucky not to win; but it would be churlish not to admit that, as the race was run, the best horse won.

I have left myself little space in which to deal with other important happenings during the great week. There was, for instance, the brilliant Oaks victory of Lord Astor's Pennycomequick. She won in effortless fashion by five lengths from Colonel Giles Loder's fillies, Golden Silence and Sister Anne respectively. I have written before to-day that the daughter of Hurry On

and Plymstock is a perfectly charming individual of graceful lines, marked power, especially behind the saddle, admirable size and delightful temperament. I look upon her as probably the best of all Lord Astor's four Oaks winners—the others are Short Story, Saucy Sue and Pogrom—and at this moment I believe she is the best three year old of either sex in the country.

Nothing could have been more exhilarating than the Coronation Cup victory of the American horse, Reigh Count, in the colours of Mrs. J. D. Hertz. Thus a very notable prize has fallen to this challenger from America after his series of defeats in handicaps earlier in the year. I am indeed glad



W. A. Rouch.

TRIGO AFTER HIS VICTORY.

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of it—glad that the horse has vindicated himself, glad, too, that a sporting adventure has been rewarded so handsomely. It was a victory gained by the narrowest possible margin of a short head, and it was due to the good sense of giving the mount to the English jockey, Joe Childs, which meant deposing the American

jockey, Lang, who had not adapted himself to the conditions of English race-riding. The horse narrowly beaten was Athford, in the Trigo colours. Mr. Barnett, therefore, came within an ace of bringing off what would have been the most glorious double event of the Derby and the Coronation Cup. PHILIPPOS.

## HE DRIVETH FURIOUSLY

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

IF you can drive a golf ball farther than anyone else in the world, you can win an aeroplane—that is to say, if you don't mind just popping over to America to do it. So I gather from an entertaining article in an American magazine which kindly wraps itself up and sends itself each month to my great enjoyment.

The article begins with a statement calculated to induce any ambitious young golfer to enter. It says that "the golfer with the powerful wallop does not always ascend to stardom," and then tells the mute, inglorious Blackwells how they are to make that ascent, during a period of the year called, in my ears rather mysteriously, "Hol-Hi Week." The entrant tells the secretary of his club of his desperate resolve. After he has, like Mr. Snodgrass, announced that "he is going to begin," he may drive three balls and three balls only. All three "must remain in the fairway of the tee from which the ball is driven," and he may "select any tee on any course he wishes." Then follow certain simple regulations as to measuring and adding together of the measurements and the counter-signing by witnesses, and that is all, except that the donors of the aeroplane will also stand the winner a free course of flying instruction.

Well, I have no hopes of thus climbing to the stars, and, moreover, I am here and not in America; but I cannot help wondering to what tee on what course I would go in my own country in order to let fly my tremendous if purely imaginary "wallop." Clearly, I must go to a very high tee with a very steep hill running away in front of it, and the fairway must be a very wide one in order that the three balls should all remain upon it. It seems to me that somewhere on the downs must be the ideal place. There used, in old days, to be holes not ill-adapted to the purpose at Eastbourne, but I think I heard of a better one still at Brighton. Then there is my old friend Royston, which produces a surprisingly good imitation of a Sussex down in the midst of Hertfordshire and Cambridgeshire clay. The tee to the eighteenth hole there might do rather well, but not quite so well as it once did. There was a blessed time when Royston was all fairway, with the result that it provided the best rest-cure in the world for a man afflicted with a chronic hook or slice. To-day there has arisen some exceedingly tenacious rough, and tee shots are not quite so cheerful and care-free as they used to be. The first hole at St. Andrews, of course, provides the perfect fairway, but the ground is too flat, unless one were allowed to tee from the top of the clubhouse. No doubt there must be the ideal hole somewhere, but I cannot think of it at the moment.

The writer of the article about this mammoth driving competition naturally wants to make it a success. Consequently, he makes one or two statements which appear to me open to doubt. He says that the winner is "sure of greater celebrity and fame, for the moment at least, than even a star of absolutely first rank could possibly hope to attain in a dozen important title rounds." That may be so, but I think far too well of the good sense of American golfers to believe it. He also says that there is an unanimity of opinion that "the hardest wallop in golfdom will turn out to be a fairway Babe Ruth, who has never been heard of before by the scratch golfers of the country at large or even of his own club." Well, that may also be so, if all the Bobby Joneses think that they do not much want an aeroplane, but otherwise I disagree.

My own impression is that the golfers who hit the ball farthest are nearly all pretty well known. I have often heard of young gentlemen, unknown to fame, who are said to be quite unable to pitch, and to think putting a bore, but can hit the ball yards and yards farther than Abe Mitchell. I have heard of them, but I have never seen them, or, when I have seen them, they have been unaccountably off their driving. Now and again a tremendous hitter does suddenly swim into our ken. I remember, when the *Field* Long Driving Competition was held some years ago at Sandwich, getting a telegram from a friend who lived near Forest Row. He told me to "look out for Jack Smith, the longest driver we have ever had at Ashdown Forest."

That was saying something, considering that the whole race of Mitchells had been bred on the Forest: so I went with some interest to look out for Jack Smith, whose name had been unknown to me, and behold, he won the driving competition, as, incidentally, he did again later on when he was well known. That case may be taken, to my mind, as an exception to prove a rule, and even so, though I had not heard of this mighty hitter, he was no doubt well enough known in his own neighbourhood. There are a great many long drivers in the world nowadays, but when it comes to the point the famous ones are generally a bit longer than the dark horses. The illustrious obscure who drive such miles in private are, to my mind, a little like the amateur of whom we hear now and again that he has made breaks of hundreds and thousands on his own table. There is a certain mythical quality about both of them.

I am not going to be led away into a solemn discussion of who is or who was the greatest of all hitters. Most of the records quoted in books prove exactly nothing, because they are so entirely dependent on turf and wind. On statistical grounds Jack Smith has very strong claims, since to have won that driving competition twice is a feat not to be argued about. Each of us will, however, always think of some particular hero as the longest driver, not on account of measurements, but because he impressed us, he "struck an awe and terror on our aching sight" more than anyone else. To me, for instance, a certain clergyman whose name, I believe, was Jones, always appears to have been the greatest of all. He was profanely disguised in a red coat, and I saw him hit a ball on Coldham Common at Cambridge, which seemed to disappear into the distance. I was only about seven at the time and had hardly seen any golf before, and my opinion was scarcely of much value. I now believe that shot to have been some 150yds., but still it seems the longest in the world.

Putting aside such childish memories, I am quite sure who was the driver who impressed me most as a grown-up. It was Mr. Edward Blackwell, when I first saw him hitting a gutty ball at St. Andrews. I had never seen plenty of good golf then, but I had never seen a ball fly off the club as it flew off his, nor go soaring and towering away into the blue, and I really do not think I have since. His was the—

pride and pinion  
Which the Theban eagles bear  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure fields of air.

And even now, if not the longest, he is still the most glorious of all drivers. Jack Smith, on the other hand, escapes notice in hitting the prodigious distances that he does. There is nothing particularly terrific about his swing nor about the flight of his ball; it is only the result that is so staggering. His ball flies like a rifle bullet, and so did, as I remember it, that of Maurice Dugé, the Frenchman as to whom I have heard both Massy and Braid declare that he was the longest of all. It is the ball that seems to come down out of the sky like a shell that is the more impressive. Of all the people that I have lately seen hit a golf ball I think Captain Critchley Salmonson, when he really does hit it, is the most alarming; and the most incredible story, which I yet believe, is that of his having carried on to the tenth green at Deal with his tee shot. At the Open Championship this year there was a young Scottish professional from America, Thompson by name, of a North Berwick family and a nephew of Jack White's. He was not noticeably large, though of a fine athletic build. I only saw him hit a few shots, but I think I never saw a club go faster through the air, and I doubt if in all that field there was anyone who hit the ball quite so far. Mr. Perkins, if I remember, played with him on one day and was flabbergasted by his hitting.

Well, this is a desultory discussion and has taken me a long way away from my aeroplane. I have looked at the magazine again, and anybody who had thoughts of winning the prize must prepare for a disappointment. "Hol-Hi Week" is over. It was from May 11th to May 18th. There is no chance of another aeroplane till next year.

"Golf is not agriculture," wrote Mr. Horace Hutchinson, a good many years ago now, in a passage that has become immortal, as has the addition of a cynical farmer, "though both are games of chance." Neither, for that matter, is golf horticulture, but there seems a certain affinity between the two. Some of the most amusing of all golf is that played in a garden, where we have to pitch just over the flower beds and lift out of them under a penalty of one stroke, if the owner of the garden is

looking. Consequently it is quite appropriate in these days of golfing societies that there should be a Horticultural Golfing Society, and we are glad to hear that one is being founded. The membership will be open to all those belonging to horticultural and allied firms, and it is proposed to hold a spring and an autumn meeting. These meetings, at which the members of the same profession talk golf instead of shop, are some of the jolliest of the year, and we wish the new society every success.

## THE WANDERINGS OF A WALRUS



AT HOME IN GREENLAND.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,  
 "To talk of many things:  
 Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—  
 Of cabbages—and kings—  
 And why the sea is boiling hot—  
 And whether pigs have wings."

**I**F our nursery was well ordered, it was amid these inconsequential musings of Lewis Carroll that many of us gained our first acquaintance with one of the most interesting of the seals. Thereafter we lose contact, unless we turn again to *Alice Through the Looking Glass*.

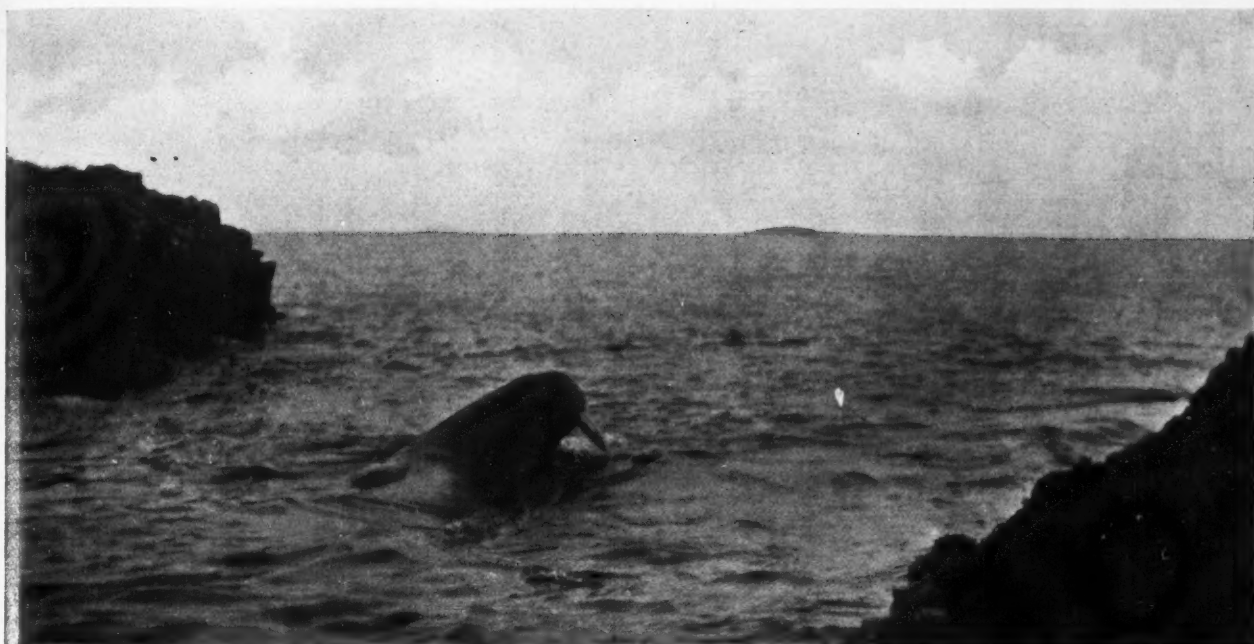
It would be vain to ask in the Zoo at Amsterdam, Antwerp or London for the walrus pond, great though the attraction of this would be at feeding time. But it would not be on rations

of herrings or whittings flung, now high, now low, to demonstrate wondrous feats of catching and diving. For the walrus it would rather need to be abundance of shellfish, not oysters lured to destruction on a lonely beach, as in the tale told to Alice, but shellfish of the commoner kinds, as cockles and clams. These would be dug with ivory tusks from beneath some artificial sand-bank; and there would doubtless be always a crowd to watch the digging operations, the success of which would be followed by a cracking and the rejection of broken shells after the manner of farm lads eating Barcelona nuts at a country fair. And then would follow seaweed as dessert.

Twenty thousand years ago what are now the sea reaches of the Thames joined with the Rhine to flow northwards to the sea, walrus disported themselves round an icy island which, now submerged, forms the Dogger Bank. As the centuries wore



TWO THOUSAND MILES FROM HOME. IN THE MUSEUM AT GOTHENBURG.



THE SAME OR ANOTHER? THE COUNTRY LIFE WALRUS IN THE ORKNEYS.

on the ice retreated, and with it generations of walrus drew ever northward until they reached the lands round the Pole. Occasionally, from its home in distant Greenland, a walrus will wander south to the home of its ancestors. In the past hundred years a couple of dozen have favoured the British Isles with their visits, twenty-two to the Shetlands, Orkneys and Hebrides, and one each to the mouth of the Severn and the mouth of the Shannon.

What I now propose to give is the sad story of the most recent visit of one, or perhaps two, walrus which came south and would fain have stopped with us, or in Norway, Holland, Denmark or Sweden, for a season or two, had it not been for the existence of that affliction with which civilisation is cursed—the man with a gun for anything that is rare. As a result of his activities, all that we can do now is to pay our regretful respects to the carefully preserved specimen gazing sadly out of glassy eyes in the museum at Gothenburg.

It is not only to correspondents who write to COUNTRY LIFE, but to the columns of our daily papers, that we owe a debt of gratitude for the records from which Professor Jensen of Copenhagen University has been able to compile the story of the wanderings of this unhappy walrus from one inhospitable shore to another.

On November 28th, 1926, *Köbenhavn*, one of the daily papers of the Danish capital, recorded the appearance of a walrus at Hanstholm, a Jutland coast village whose lighthouse is a well known mark for English trawler skippers. Some weeks later it was seen dragging itself by means of its tusks along the beach at Skagen. Here it was attacked and wounded; but it regained the sea and put out into the Skager-Rack. Denmark was without the previous record of a walrus visit, and while it was still a matter for wonder the newscamethrough that four days after escaping from the Danish coast the unfortunate creature, while resting on a rock at Rörö on the Bohuslän coast, had met its fate at the hands of a Swedish seal hunter.

The only fortunate circumstance connected with this tragedy was that the body was secured by Professor L. A. Jägerskiöld of the Gothenburg Natural History Museum, by whose courtesy I am able to publish the close-up photograph on page 848. When the news passed round the world of naturalists, further

chapters were added to the unhappy story. At the end of October a walrus had been seen for several days near Haugesund, Norway: in the first half of the same month one had made a stay near Sumburgh Head, Shetland. Then there came news that for three or four days in mid-November ineffective attempts had been made to capture a walrus at The Helder, by the entrance to the Zuyder Zee.

Professor Jensen has connected up all these movements with the same animal, but further details from COUNTRY LIFE add a still greater interest to the story. *Köbenhavn* gave the first news of the appearance of the walrus on the Danish coast on November 28th, 1926. For a few days previous to this plans were being made to shoot—with a camera—the visitor to Shetland, and on November 28th success was achieved. The pictures appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of January 15th, 1927, with the article "Walrus Watching in Shetland." This walrus had first appeared at Uyea in September. Did two walrus come south to countries where they could find no friends?

A photograph of the walrus seen on the Dutch coast was carefully compared with the specimen now at Gothenburg, and the museum officials responsible for preparing it for exhibition are convinced that the two are identical. In the opinion of Professor Jensen this walrus came from East Greenland with the south-going polar current which sweeps past the east coast of Iceland and the Faroes. Between the Faroes and Shetland the Gulf Stream flowing towards the north-east would be encountered. This, Professor Jensen considers, would prove a little too warm for a walrus, and crossing it quickly the wanderer would make the first landfall at the Shetlands.

From first to last the distance covered in this adventurous journey must have been at least 2,000 miles. As is often the

case with sea mammals found "out of the latitude," as fishermen put it, this was an old male. Should you wish to renew his acquaintance, the Curator of Gothenburg Museum will arrange an introduction when next you pass that way. And when you have gazed on rift of clay that once was walrus, with sadness you will turn away with a hope that the day may yet come when it will be considered a greater achievement to have shot a rare animal with a camera than with a gun.

GEORGE T. ATKINSON.



PROFESSOR JENSEN'S WALRUS IN THE ZUYDER ZEE.

## ART IN THE SALE ROOM

**T**HOUGH this summer has brought nothing so sensational as the Holford collection into the market, the sale-rooms have been busy and the number of important pictures from various sources already sold and to be sold shortly is exceptionally high. The figures of the Brownlow sale on May 3rd are likely to be equalled, if not exceeded, by those of the sale announced for June 28th. On that day Messrs. Christie are disposing of pictures from various sources, the most important being the collection of Viscount D'Abernon, trustee of the National Gallery, who is giving up his house at Esher and is, therefore, parting with a number of pictures. These include three attractive Florentine *tondi* attributed to Botticelli, Ghirlandaio and Mainardi, and two works by Sir Joshua Reynolds—a fine double portrait of Judge Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, and his sister, both seated; and the deliciously humorous "Mob Cap," from the Burdett-Coutts collection, which is a separate study of the principal figure in the "Infant Academy." The collection of Lord D'Abernon also includes some interesting Spanish pictures by Valdés-Leal and a fine portrait by Gainsborough of Richard Hurd, Bishop of Worcester.

Probably the most important pictures to be sold on the same day are the two superb full-lengths of the first Earl and Countess of Peterborough, the property of Mrs. Janet K. Murray Bisset, to whom they descended from the fifth and last Earl of Peterborough. Van Dyck appears here at his very best, particularly in the figure of the earl whose assured grace of movement and magnificent attire throw most of the later English male portraits into the shade. Such aristocratic bearing and refinement of feature vanished after the Commonwealth, nor was there ever again a painter capable of interpreting these qualities. Compared with the Van Dycks the family groups by Zoffany belong to a totally different sphere. Two exceptionally fine examples of these are included in the sale. One represents the Dutton family playing cards in a typical eighteenth century English drawing-room. No artist has succeeded so well in preserving the balance between the interior, the *milieu*, and the demands of portraiture. If Zoffany cannot be placed in the first rank of British painters



"PORTRAIT OF JOHN MORDAUNT, FIRST EARL OF PETERBOROUGH," BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.



"PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH, FIRST COUNTESS OF PETERBOROUGH," BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.

on æsthetic merits, he emphatically deserves that position from the historical point of view, being able to evoke the manners and atmosphere of his age to a higher degree than most of his contemporaries. The second group by Zoffany included in the forthcoming sale belongs to his Indian period, and represents the artist himself and his favourite monkey, with Colonel Claud Martin, Colonel Polier, Major Wombwell and their Indian servants. Other important pictures in the sale are a pair of admirable Raeburns, Romney's portrait of William Richard Rumbold, and an oil painting of the famous Duchess of Devonshire by Richard Cosway, better known as a miniaturist. The most problematic picture, however, is the "Descent from the Cross," long attributed to Rembrandt and belonging to the Comtesse de Behague. Though certainly not a work of Rembrandt's own hand, it is unquestionably a fine painting, and it would be interesting to see it attributed to a definite artist in Rembrandt's *entourage*. The poignant grief of the girl leaning against the cross, the fine disposition of the remaining figures and, above all, the painting of the nude figure of Christ raise it above the level of a school piece; while the dramatic effect produced by the lighting indicates the influence of Ribera and the naturalist school.

Another important event takes place at Christie's on June 14th, when the Ford collection, consisting mainly of pictures by Wilson, originally acquired from the artist himself, is to be dispersed. Since the Wilson Exhibition at the Tate Gallery in 1925 the reputation of that great artist has been steadily growing. On that occasion Wilson was for the first time seriously compared with Turner, and the verdict of many was in favour of the older artist. The days are now definitely over when a good Wilson could be obtained for a couple of hundred pounds. So far the auction record was reached at the Holford sale, when the "View of the River Dee" was knocked down at 4,100 guineas; but the forthcoming sale will be a greater test. The collection was originally formed by Mr. Benjamin Booth, a director of the East India Company and a friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and descended to the present owner through his daughter, who married



"THE THAMES AT TWICKENHAM," BY RICHARD WILSON, R.A.



"THE DUTTON FAMILY GROUP," BY JOHN ZOFFANY, R.A.

Sir Richard Ford in 1789. The pictures were well cared for in the Ford family, and there is an amusing note in the *Farington Diary* to the effect that "Lady Ford has got all the pictures by Wilson, and she says she will not sell any of them, nor will she suffer her house to be dirtied by permitting people to see them." Many of the pictures out of the Ford collection were lent to the Tate Gallery in 1925, and one of the most important of them, the "Evening View over the Tiber," remained at the Gallery until quite recently. There is no doubt that the sale will attract great interest and will establish the international reputation of one of the greatest of

English landscape painters, who has hitherto suffered from unaccountable neglect. It comprises a fair range of Wilson's achievement in his fully developed Italian style. Yet some of the finest pictures are of English scenes, such as the admirable "Thames at Twickenham." Its unaffected level sky-line recalls the Dutch style of composition rather than the Italian, though the decorative disposition of the trees and the treatment of the light, so beautifully reflected in the water, point to the idyllic tendency that Wilson developed in Italy. An even more interesting painting from the point of view of subject is the "View of London from Highgate," showing the stretch of fields that intervened at that time between the Highgate Hills and the City, marked by the dome of St. Paul's. A graceful pattern of slanting trees enframes the view on the right, while the left foreground is occupied with cottages and women hanging out washing. Curiously enough, the picture used to be called "A View of Oxford," although the dome of St. Paul's is an unmistakable landmark. The remaining pictures belong to the



"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS," ATTRIBUTED TO REMBRANDT.

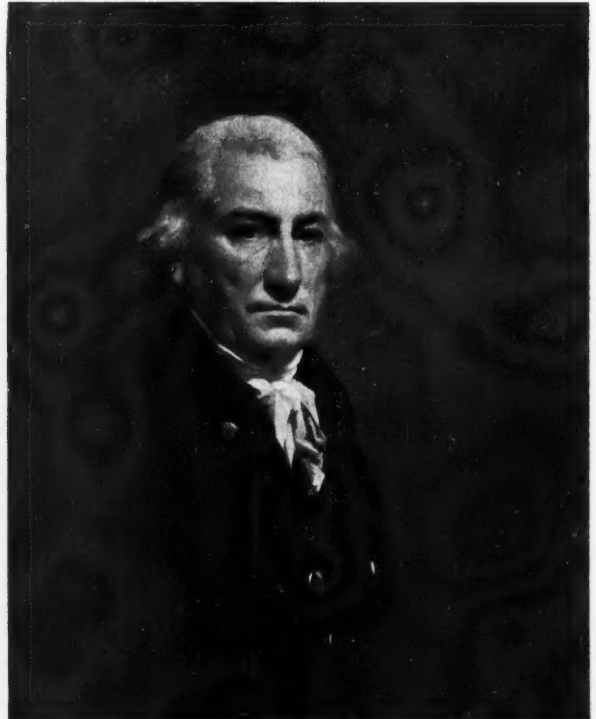
somewhat idealised Italian type which in Wilson's day, at any rate, found the greatest amount of favour, and which we are to-day learning once again to admire for its qualities of design, after the temporary eclipse which abstract composition had suffered during the naturalist and impressionist phase in the nineteenth century.

Besides the eighteen pictures by Wilson, the Ford collection to be sold at Christie's to-day comprises several Spanish paintings acquired by Mr. Richard Ford, a landscape by Claude and one by Gaspard Poussin, Hogarth's sketch for the tavern scene in "The Rake's Progress" and a landscape by Ruysdael.

Together with the Ford collection, Messrs. Christie are selling some pictures from the collection of Colonel Freemantle and a very interesting group of portraits by Gainsborough belonging to Admiral Spencer de Horsey. The portraits represent members of the Kilderbee family with whom Gainsborough was very intimate from his earliest Ipswich days to the end of his life. He corresponded regularly with the Rev. Samuel Kilderbee, and we are told that his letters, which have since disappeared, were "brilliant but eccentric and too licentious to be published." Kilderbee visited Gainsborough on his death-bed and was his executor after having been his life-long friend. There are two portraits of Dr. Kilderbee, two of Mrs. Kilderbee (Lot 43, in the quieter, less affected manner that Gainsborough confined to paintings of his family and circle of friends, being particularly fine), and a rather later portrait of Mrs. Dupius, a daughter of Samuel Kilderbee, who married Colonel Dupius of the Dragoons. These paintings have never been exhibited and should prove of the greatest interest to all lovers of Gainsborough. M. C.



"PORTRAIT OF MRS. KILDERBEE," BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.



"PORTRAIT OF JAMES EDGAR, ESQ.," BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.

# AT THE THEATRE

## AN EXPLANATION AND TWO PLAYS

IN my criticism of Mr. Arnold Ridley's play, "Keepers of Youth," now running at the Duke of York's Theatre, I wrote the following paragraph:

It seems to me unfortunate that Mr. Ridley, who is himself a schoolmaster, did not discover the passionate urge to tell the truth about schoolmastering until after he had got a footing on the stage with two successful plays, and, what is more important still, until after the success of "Young Woodley." If Mr. Ridley maintains, as he very well may, that "Keepers of Youth" at the Duke of York's Theatre was written before he wrote his two popular thrillers and before Mr. Van Druten had made plays about school life fashionable—if Mr. Ridley maintains this successfully and can prove that it is only the stupidity and supineness of theatre managers which have prevented his burning indignation from coming to light sooner, why, then, in these circumstances I shall withdraw all I have written about Mr. Ridley's postponement of his crusade and accord him the respect which I have hitherto reserved for his candle-lighting namesake. In the meantime, I must continue to deem it a pity that Mr. Ridley's smouldering fires did not burst forth until plays about schools became popular.

Mr. Ridley has accepted this challenge and has now brought such facts to my notice that, in all fairness, I must fulfil my bargain and withdraw these suggestions. Mr. Ridley has now informed me that:

- 1.—A rough outline of "Keepers of Youth" was drawn up by him before the production of "The Ghost Train."
- 2.—"Keepers of Youth" was completed before he even commenced to write "The Wrecker."
- 3.—It was under contract for production in London nearly two years ago.
- 4.—It was due to a management having a year's option on the play that it was not produced before "The Wrecker."
- 5.—It was completed in every detail before the London production and success of "Young Woodley," under contract nine months before the production of "Young Woodley," and licensed by the Lord Chamberlain seven months before the production of "Young Woodley."

Let me confess that it seemed to me impossible that Mr. Ridley should hold the views about schoolmasters expressed in "Keepers of Youth." I was therefore forced to ask myself whether this piece might not be explained by the natural and legitimate desire to follow one successful play about a school with another. Mr. Ridley's statement, which I unhesitatingly accept, has bowled out my theory, for which, in so far as it has caused Mr. Ridley distress, I apologise. I am now entirely satisfied that, whatever the truth or untruth of the implications contained in "Keepers of Youth," the play is the expression of the honest opinion of its author and is not an attempt to follow up and profit by the success of Mr. Van Druten's school play, "Young Woodley." If I have unwittingly cast what Mr. Ridley may feel to be a slur on his reputation as an honest dramatist, I trust that this explanation and frank apology will satisfy him.

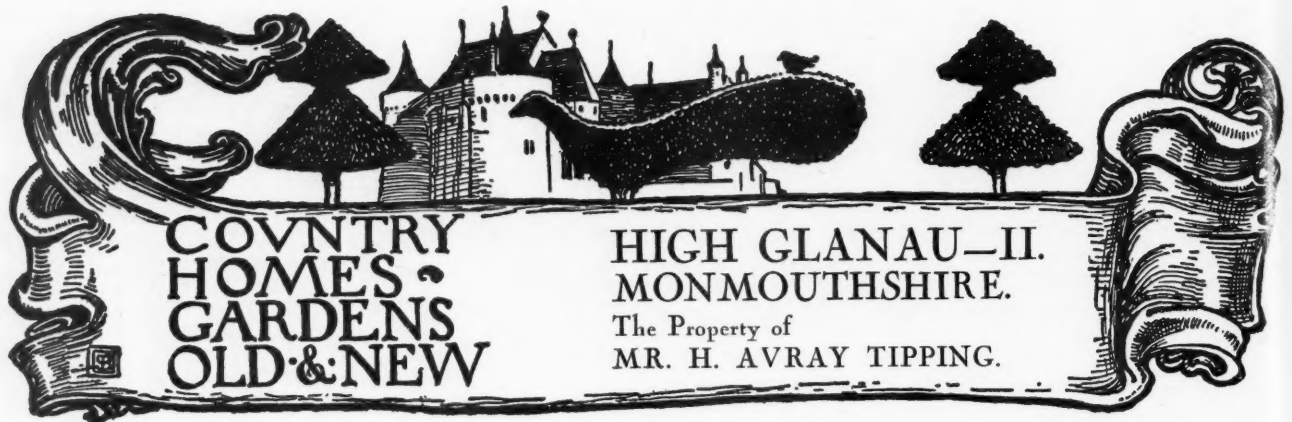
"Caprice," the new play at the St. James's Theatre presented by Mr. C. B. Cochran in conjunction with the New York Theatre Guild, is one of the most amusing comedies, as it is certainly one of the best acted, which has been seen in London for many a long year. But the whole success of this play is a proof of the entire capriciousness of the dramatic art. Sil-Vara, the author, is a Hungarian who, one understands, began life in an exceedingly humble way. Wearying of being a clerk, hotel porter or something of the sort, Sil-Vara determined to be a dramatist, and at once revealed astonishing acquaintance with a society of which one might have supposed him to have enjoyed only the most furtive glimpses. The word "imagination" hardly accounts for this phenomenon, since it is one thing to have a lively and another to have an accurate imagination. Imagination plus intuition would seem to be the thing. The phenomenon is not unique, since Balzac in his garret saw through the walls of the great *hôtels* of duchesses into boudoirs and drawing-rooms in which he cannot be supposed to have been a visitor. No one has written more elegantly than Balzac of the great ladies seated languidly in their barouches and drawn through the Bois de Boulogne by spanking, foaming pairs. *Equipage insolent* is one of Balzac's favourite terms. The great writer determined one day to be the possessor of such an affair drawn by at least one high-stepper. To this end he visited a horse sale and, being in full treaty for a noble-looking animal, asked whether it would lather. Would the vendor guarantee that it would lather? The seller was constrained to reply: "But, Sir, it is a draught animal!" It is probable that Balzac actually knew as little about society as he did about horses, and that cunning did the rest. If not cunning, then some other quality has stood Sil-Vara in good stead. Helped by some remarkable acting, one feels the full

veracity of the characters in this play. Counsellor Albert von Echart is not only the type of elderly Viennese *roué*; he is a particular individual whom Sil-Vara appears to have known. His illegitimate son, Robert, is a perfect representation of the shy, blundering, callow youth who, because he is a German, dotes upon Weber's "Oberon" and the works of Schiller. Robert is full of good German *Schwärmerei*, and because he is full of it proceeds to lecture his father upon ideal love. The scene in which the two discuss this and other matters is full of the most delicious whimsy, and the author has given us delightful measure of the father's tolerance and the son's intolerance. The scene is succeeded by another in which Robert meets his father's mistress and promptly falls in love with her. She, too, is drawn towards the boy, and one trembles to think how a playwright of less delicacy might have handled the situation. But Sil-Vara, by a subtle combination of wit and truth, successfully avoids all offence. The subject matter is, of course, "Fata Morgana" all over again. But this time the woman resists, though her resistance is without shadow of prudery. In the end the boy goes away with his mother, and we feel that the time is not far distant when he will realise that the whole of life is not to be found in the score of "Oberon" or the script of "Die Jungfrau von Orleans." Miss Lynn Fontanne in the part of Ilse von Ilse had an enormous and instantaneous success. She takes the stage with all the certainty and allure of the really great *comédienne*. Her subtlety and finesse in this piece were really remarkable, and perhaps this is a convenient occasion to congratulate ourselves that we have in Miss Fontanne an English actress—for she was born here, though her success has been American—worthy to hold her own with the best French exponents of the art of true comedy.

In addition to "Caprice," London has had a great treat in the visit of the Guitrys. It may not be out of place to insist again that Mr. Cochran is responsible for the visits both of the New York Theatre Guild and of our old friends, who in their two persons make us free of all that the theatre of France and of Paris holds of delight. Sacha is a playwright and he and the ever adorable Yvonne Printemps are players of sophistication; one needs a certain skill in playgoing, and also a familiarity with the *beau monde* to appreciate them. How slight is their touch and how certain their effect! You might almost be forgiven—a heavy-handed foreigner would certainly be forgiven—for deeming "Mariette" to be over-slight. The Prince Louis Napoleon, seated in a box at the Opera House at Amiens—the date is 1848—beholds little Mariette, a charming person, but a sufficiently bad actress. You see the opera from the back of the stage, and the actors from the same point. Beyond are the footlights, the conductor, and the yawning cavern which is the auditorium. In a box, alone in solemn grandeur, sits the Prince. From time to time he brings his kid-gloved hands together in token of appreciation. There is a world of meaning in each of these claps, portentous as thunder. They are the outward and visible sign of the Imperial and swelling greatness to come, and we feel that even in them there is something of the self-mockery which was to be this undecieved hero's life-long companion. In the second act the Prince succeeds after many blandishments in persuading Mariette to sup with him. The third act takes place on the eve of the *coup d'état*, and Napoleon must part from the little lady who has been his mistress for three years. There is an indescribable quality of melancholy in this scene, played by M. Guitry with a brilliance and a surety which are beyond all praise. The rôle of Mariette does not, perhaps, suit Mlle Printemps quite as well as that of Mozart; but in setting this down I feel that what I am really doing is establishing degrees in perfection.

There is a fourth act, which shows Mariette at the age of a hundred and woefully inaccurate in her description of bygone happenings. M. Guitry is nothing if not an ironist, and it is this falsification of the facts by the old lady which gives rise to his sub-title: "Ou comment on écrit l'Histoire." I am afraid I did not take kindly to this fourth act or epilogue, which seemed to me to be long-drawn-out and more than a little ugly. Stevenson praised Dumas *père* for presenting the end of life with a fine tact. In this last act it is as though the author saw the matter as a grim joke and a proper revenge enacted by Nature for Man's hey-day and pride. But this scene may please others. Apart from it, or even including it, the whole evening constitutes an experience in these less than famous days.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.



*The upper and lower woodland gardens at High Glanau are here pictured and described.*

**B**ETWEEN the week of last September when the camera caught the rich prosperity of the culminating summer, and this sunny mid-May day when I am writing, High Glanau has gone through a period of sore trial. A Siberian February with snow blizzards and biting frosts left surviving vegetation stricken and weak, lacking the vitality to meet renewed onslaughts in the form of a two months' visitation of harsh winds and night frosts. The obituary list grew long, cistuses and olearias gave up the ghost, while escallonias, hypericums and fuchsias will have to begin life

again from ground level. Thus, where all such things had spread out their ample forms, there are now large patches of bare earth, in some cases wholly vacant—except where new denizens are already set—in others with modest shoots beginning to spring up.

Few of the evergreens escaped injury. Even *Osmanthus Delavayii*, which I noted at Mounton as the least sered in 1917, lost most of its leaves and had its flowering buds killed. The *Lonicera nitida* hedges went brown, but took early steps towards recovery, for even amid the March frosts the new shoots began to develop. In the open, *Abutilon vitifolium* perished, but, with wall or other shelter, was merely cut back and is developing new foliage along the main branches. If the death list is not very long and the hospital cases quite numera-ble, it is because High Glanau was ever esteemed more arctic than tropical, and only subjects of known or expected robustness were introduced.

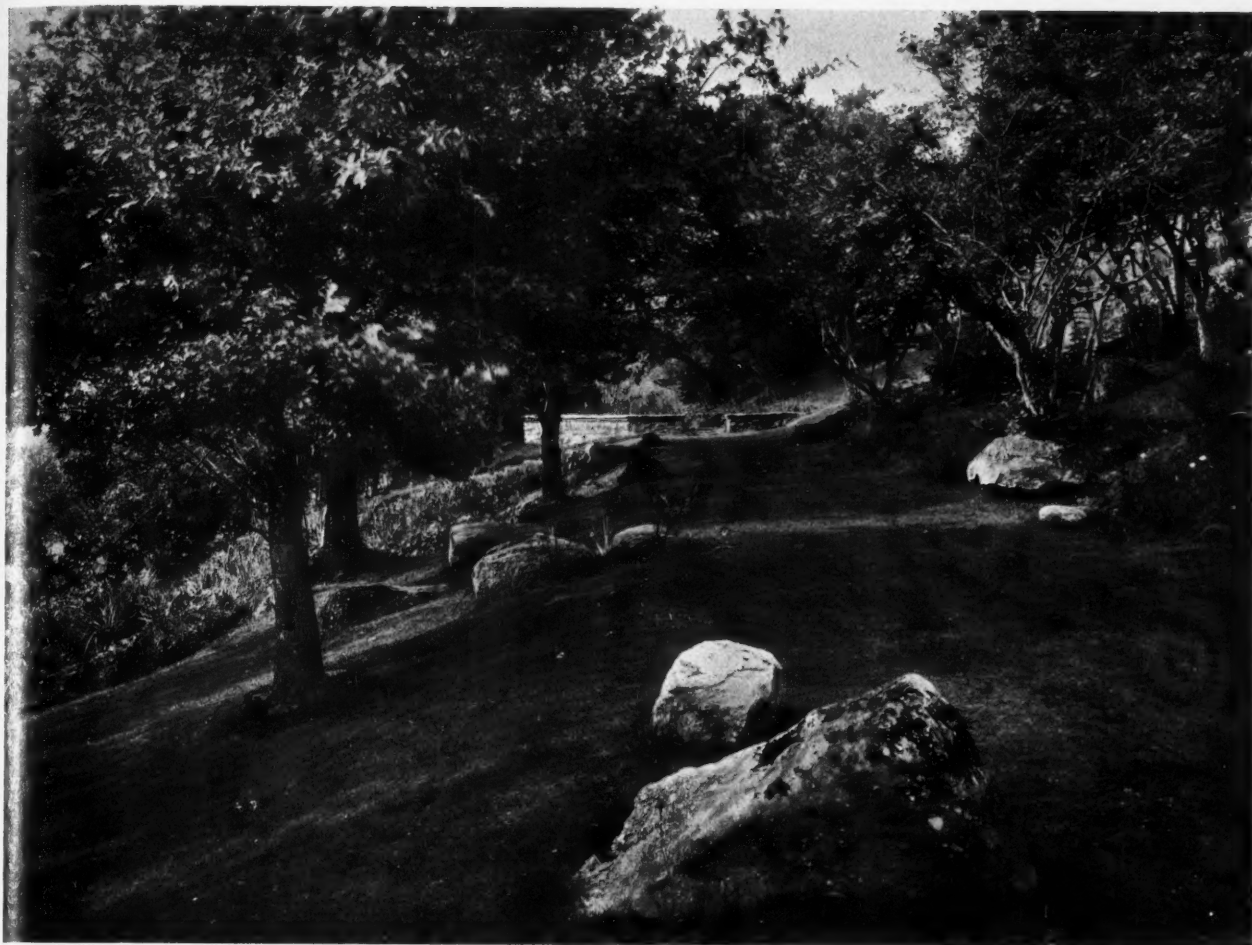
Already, therefore, there are but few signs left of the late ordeal. Deciduous shrubs, perennial plants and bulbs are displaying full spring raiment—have "cast a clout" although May is not out and has had its frosty nights. The borders, so full and brilliant in September, are again gay. Wallflowers, here quite unhurt, scent the air with their sheets of deep red. *Violas* of varied hue, but especially blue, make a carpet through which *Clara Butt* and other May-flowering tulips raise their stately heads in ample quantity but loose formation. No new tulips have been set these three years. The wet of 1927 lessened their number—almost extinguished them where the summer vegetation was most smothering. But last year's sun was favourable for ripening and multiplication, so that now there is a good display in being or in prospect. A late season in a late place is making May's second half their show time. *Clara Butt* is in her prime this glorious morning (May 16th), and so is a purple red Darwin, name unknown. But *Golden Crown*, though by no means among the latest of the family, will be better next week, and still more behind is another tulip which I do not identify, but which arrests attention by its prolificness—where a bulb was set half a



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1.—A PEEP AT TERRACE AND HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—A NATURAL LEVEL ENHANCED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—A BIT OF ROCKY THICKET CLEARED AND TIDIED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



4.—HYDRANGEA AND PHLOX BESIDE A WOODLAND PATH.



5.—HYDRANGEA SOUVENIR DE MME CHAUTRE.

dozen years back there are as many as fourteen buds now developing. To the dry walls aubrietias and androsaces give a colour which will be carried on by pinks and rock roses. On the flat the myriad swords of flag iris shoot up through a haze of forget-me-not, while *Anchusa myosotidiflora* and *Dielytra spectabilis* mix their blue and pink very happily. They occur where formal meets wild, and it is the wild that is our real theme to-day.

Ought we to use the word "wild" as an attribute to any form of horticulture? Is it not a contradiction, for are not nurture and kemptness of the essence of gardening? Surely even our woods are not wild—if by wild we mean wholly untamed—for in them we make and keep open ways, we rear and

take forest crops. True, the wood is the home of denizens left largely to themselves. It knows not the spade and fork, the hoe and rake, the clippers and shears. Axe and bagging hook are its tools, keeper and woodman its workers. To such extent it is more wild than anything of which the gardener has charge. His function is to tame nature: he can do it much or little, but in no case can he leave wildness wholly uncurbed. There must be something of culture and tidiness, and he can only aim at wildness by hiding his hand.

And so there is nothing really wild at Glanau. There are woodlands more or less treated, more or less left to native vegetation, more or less swept and garnished. It is gardening, but with nature kept in the forefront of set purpose. The



6.—A BACCHIC VIOL PLAYER IN A GLADE.



7.—THE YEW TREE SEED FELL ON STONY GROUND

artificiality of bed or border, of linear or block planting is carefully eschewed. Let us take the rough stone steps (G, Fig. 13) winding among boulders that start at the south-west corner of the lower terrace and bring you to an almost level stretch of grass (Fig. 2). Here, surely, is terracing and artificiality. True, but Nature herself suggested it. She left it almost a level between slopes, and so it needed very little earth taken from the right and added to the left to make its 50yds. length a pleasant place to saunter along. Six years ago this was still a thicket-set part of the sheep run that occupied the general western slope. It was dense with hazel and undergrowth, thorn trees and oak saplings. A clearance retained the best of each of these rising here and there in company with mossy, lichened boulders left as they lay, except that, by a little scooping of the ground, those that were nearly buried were given prominence. Scything and then mowing soon formed the bracken and weed growing surface into lawn where the gradient was easy (Fig. 3), while, to the right, the rocky steep was for part of the way wholly cleared, and sun and air obtained for the successful growth of such shrubs as *Buddleia variabilis* and *Exochorda macrantha*, Portugal broom and *Berberis stenophylla*, *Escallonia langleyensis* and *Cotoneaster horizontalis*, together with *Viburnums*

hollow where another controlled rill brings water to colonies of *Saxifraga Fortunei*, varied astilbes and *Oenothera Youngi*. Farther on, the aboriginal trees are left thickly at the edges of the wood for shelter, but very much thinned within, as here there is much planting of exotics. A home is found for such cotoneasters as *pannosa*, such viburnums as *rhytidophyllum*, such roses as *Moyesi*, such magnolias as *Watsoni*, together with *hamamelis* and *corylopsis*, *forsythia* and *deutzia*, *pyrus* and *prunus*. But space is also found and encouragement given to *choisya* and *andromeda*, *rhododendron* and *hydrangea*. The encouragement takes the form of quite strong food. The soil, excellent as a rooting medium, lacks sustenance, and vigorous growers, such as *Rhododendron Pink Pearl*, grew leggy and flowerless when only treated with leaf mould, while a generous dressing of poultry manure effected a rapid transformation. Leaves became a wholesome green and flower buds formed profusely. They have been a great success ever since, and have not felt the frost as have some of the Chinese and Himalayan species—fatally in a few cases.

Of hydrangeas no variety is so hardy and free-flowering here as *Souvenir de Mme Chautre*, of which the great bloom heads, cerise as a rule, are turned a splendid metallic blue in



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8.—DRIFTS OF PHLOX IN THE HALF SHADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

*Mariesii*, *Carlesii* and *Davidii*. The last mentioned is among the best of evergreen dwarfs for a groundwork, and we are using it largely. All this is along the southern half of the level way. It is only the northern half that the photograph shows. Here the picturesque hazels were kept, and beyond them the slope left as open grass between the lower terrace and the octagon where the water plays in its pool and then issues forth to water the bank, seen beyond the grass in Fig. 3. There a winding rill works at pleasure to give or withhold moisture as suits Japanese irises, which are thus made happy, and are associated with *trollius* and *funkia*, *rodgersia* and *kniphofia*, together with some *primulas*.

This colony of damp lovers is bounded by a set of steps (H) set with woolly thyme, which leads towards the lower garden. Looking back up the steps (Fig. 1), we see a corner of the house and terraces, and then, taking a path with a northward trend (J), we follow, with a few digressions, its course of 250yds. through an area of garden wood. To the left as we start we have a picturesque strip of hazels and boulders lining a

the soil of this special piece of wood. They are thus a feature, and planted by the score. We meet them soon after we enter the wood (Figs. 4 and 5) and, passing by, reach another success in the shape of large stretches of autumn-flowering phlox in variety (Fig. 8). They do exceedingly well in the half shade, with hose attachment within reach for when a dry time comes, and give a very different effect from that of separated and orderly plants in the border. All about here is a spring undergrowth of *polyanthus* *primroses* and *Omphalodes cappadocica*, while colonies of columbine and *meconopsis* give variety. Farther along this path—note that the numbers in the plan refer to the illustrations—we reach the cross-way (K), set with steps and with colonies of *St. Dabeoc's* heath bordering it (Fig. 6), that leads up to the grove where a Bacchic person rests on his grape-filled pannier and plays the lute.

Turning left out of his grove we find that nature provided another narrow semi-level, which easily became a tree-bordered grass terrace ending its 60yds. run with a *lonicera* semicircle sheltering a leaden Mercury (M). Just here the native growths



9—ASTILBES AND RODGERSIA IN A WOOD CLEARING.



10.—PRIMULAS AND SAXIFRAGA PELTATA ALONG THE STREAM BED.

includes some fine old rowan and yew trees. Of the latter, one will have been a seed that did not mind falling among stones. There will have been a crack in the great boulder on which it rested and down which it drove its first root, while others clasped the rock and found nourishment around and beneath it. The making of the path by its side meant a little lowering of the level and gave enhanced presence to the combination (Fig. 7).

Passing out of what had been wood into what had been sheep-run (N), we find a broad grassway, with the rocky irregular bank of the wood on its east side forming bays where *Santolina incana* and *Pentstemon Souleri* are among the shrubby growths that mingle with hardy geraniums and columbines, violas and campanulas. Here also *Aconitum autumnale* revels and has reached the abnormal height of 11ft.

On the other side of the grassway there is no gardening. The rough flower-sprinkled herbage gives a pleasant spring effect which, in June, changes to a sea of bracken. Over it and between the trees we get varied glimpses of timbered hill and green vale out on to distant Sugarloaf and Black Mountains—pearly in a day haze, gorgeous in a sunset.

The grassway brings us back to where we started on this wood ramble—to the gate (O) which opens on to the farm way that has to be crossed to reach the corresponding wicket (P) into the lower garden. Its enticement was not merely that of a woody dell with a stream dashing down it, but also that along its east bank a set of little springs trickled and oozed at various points, one set of such trickles forming a body of water capable of throwing up 1,000 gallons a day to the house level by means of a little ram. Here, then, was a choice habitat for the big and ever-increasing primula family, and it has now become chief lord of this domain.

Unlike the upper garden, this woodland is not enclosed against rabbits, and thus the subjects introduced are limited to those that have no attraction for them. That a right selection was made is shown by the absence of all coney damage, despite the protracted winter. When we enter through the wicket we are still high above the dell. At first we get a touch of cultivation. Broad grassways across an easy slope leave rectangles, at present dug, where double cherry and Japanese maple, for bloom and foliage, apple and pear trees for fruit, are set out (Q). When they are of size the surface will be grass-grown. Soon we are in a belt of self-set birches

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and thorns (R, R), with a few sycamores and acers introduced, and where openings provide a home for weigela and ribes and azalea. Just below us three or four grand and far-spreading oaks stand out at the top of a precipitous bank where the native hazel is left thickly standing, while in front is a cleared slope (S) open to the south-west, but otherwise well sheltered, where the overflow of the little ram forms a rill, its bed almost choked by *Primula rosea* and with funkias and Japanese iris on its sides. Flowering shrubs, too, are here, and patches of early-flowering heaths with daffodils and polyanthus primroses for company. A broad cut down to the dell level gives a glimpse of the stream and brings up the murmur of its waters. We descend to it by a winding, many-stepped path (T), and on each side see into the as yet unfoliated wood with bluebell and primrose carpeting the ground, and hurrying on their show-time before the dense leafage of the trees and hazels smothers them for a long summer and autumn sleep.

We reach the stream where a little mill race served a grist mill (U). It is deep set in the wood and approached only by a woodland track. No doubt here the small-holders brought their sacks of corn on pony or donkey back, to be turned into flour, meal and offal for their own use. No cottage in this area was without its brick oven. This era passed away before I came to these parts. Just like the cottages above, so the mill at the bottom merely showed its past by a few bits of grey moss-grown wall. The mill race was silted up, so that the stream—a torrent during a spate, a rill at the end of a drought—winds through and around sandy spits set with *Viburnum tomentosum* and *Spiraea arguta* on their highest points, and the rest fully furnished with asilbes and primulas varied with *Saxifraga peltata* and *Caltha polypetala*. Here, where tree and under-wood have been freely cleared to let in sun and air, you reach the centre of primuladom, and *Primula pulverulenta* rules by majority. It has become a denizen, sowing itself profusely and battling successfully with the strongest natives. Where a grass path is maintained it has taken the place of the sessile daisy of the lawn. But to get fine plants some freeing from gross neighbours is good. They look particularly well, running up the banks, following the course of the little springs to their source, so that its tall, many-tiered candelabra rise out of their bunches of big leaves above the eye line. It is the type, of course, that mainly propagates itself. But its varieties also flourish where set—Bartley, Raby and Lissadel strains. *Primula japonica* presents itself of various hues, but the dark crimson Etna is the most favoured. *Primulas Beesiana* and *Bulleyana* and their hybrids are especially valuable as carrying on the primula season through June, to be followed by the still later *Florindæ*, which, no doubt, will emulate *pulverulenta* as a self-setter, but has only recently started on the race. Nowhere do these more vigorous members of the family associate better with native plants than along the bed of the stream (V) below the old mill race (Fig. 10). A stepping-stone path carries you along and over the branching rills, and nothing besides primulas has been introduced except *Saxifraga peltata* to give variety of form by its big saucer-shaped leaves. Of native growths, some, indeed, such as nettles and dog mercury, are kept down. But many others—cardamine and Rose Campion, woodruff and herb Robert—are permitted, while the delicious little *chrysosplenium* is much encouraged as an under-growth. Some twice a year the whole ground is gone over, and overgrowths and dead heads removed, but with least possible loss of the untended effect. The cross-wall that forms the mill dam, and is the remains of the grist mill, appears in the illustration, and in the very sheltered shady hollow thus formed—partly paved with the old stone mill wheels that were found half buried—meconopses flourish exceedingly. There were individuals of the *Wallichii* species last summer which reached a height of seven feet and bore blooms in succession from top to toe. Thus the flowering time was protracted from June end to October. Other members of the family will, no doubt, do equally well along the dell; but, so



11.—STONE PATHWAYS THROUGH THE WOOD.

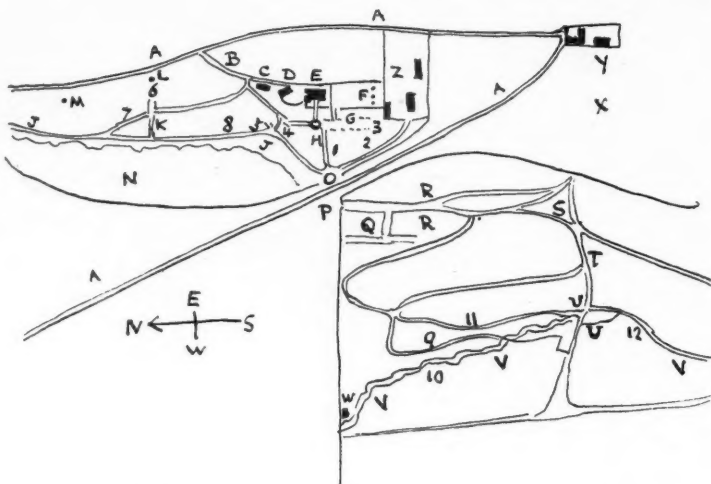


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12.—THE FERN DELL.

"C.L."

far, Bayleyi and paniculata have not been brought down from the upper garden, where they do well enough, but, judging from Wallichii, they have a still better future by streamside. The north end of the dell (the fall is from south to north) affords another set of little springs rising out of the bank and forming winding rills and pools where, again, primulas and astilbes are very happy. The astilbe family is receiving deserved attention from hybridisers, so that from Arendsi, Astilboides and Davidi we now have excellent hybrids, pure and crossed. To our old friends Peach Blossom and Alexandra are added the rich colour of Garnet and the size and quality of Siegfried and Walkure, while King Albert is a most welcome child of Davidi, of the full height of its parent but with stiffer stem, so that it does not bow its head so weakly as the type (Fig. 9). In this section there is and will be a little gardening—some shrubs and perennials that appear suitable to semi-wildness are introduced. And as it is the newest development, it still shows rather too many signs of culture (Fig. 11). This, however, is only a passing phase even at this north end, while at the south end we find an area dedicated to denizens (Fig. 12).



13.—SKETCH PLAN OF UPPER AND LOWER GARDENS.

A, Private road; B, drive; C, bungalow; D, garage; E, house; F, pergola; G, natural terrace; H, pathway to lower garden; J, J, path through wood; K, cross path looking up to statue; L and M, statues; N, open bank; O, gate out of upper garden; P, gate into lower garden; Q, rectangular grass ways; R, R, birch thicket; S, sunny bank; T, path down to old mill race; U, U, little ram and mill race; V, V, line of the stream; W, large ram; X, meadow; Y, farmery and cottages; Z, greenhouses, potting sheds, etc.

house and upper garden, so that even equable Monmouthshire has a tropical touch, the cool lusciousness of the fern dell is a welcome retreat. But high and low, long and wide, nature has been lavish of variety and charm at High Glanau. Only the finishing strokes, to suit his ways and ideas, have been left for man to do.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

\*\* These gardens will be open on behalf of the Queen's Nursing Institute on September 2nd.

## "THE GREAT STATUARY"

The Life and Works of Louis Francois Roubiliac, by Katharine A. Esdaile. (Oxford University Press, 63s.)

COMING out of church at Eowood one Sunday, Lord Shelburne, so a story goes, fell into conversation with a stranger, whom he invited to dine. When the company were taking their seats in the dining-room, the stranger ran up to the bust of a Roman empress standing over the sideboard with cries of "Good God, what an air! What a *tout ensemble*!" so continuing throughout the meal, heedless of what was said or offered to him, so that the company, concluding he was mad, began one by one to slink away, till the stranger and his host were left sitting at the board alone. Lord Shelburne then for the first time asked him his name. "My name!" says the other, "What, d'you not know me, then? My name is Roubiliac." In some confusion Shelburne summoned the other guests to return, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, you may come in; this is no absolute madman. This is Mr. Roubiliac, the greatest statuary of his day—and only occasionally mad in the admiration of his art." Mrs. Esdaile, who tells this anecdote of the sculptor, of course, shares Lord Shelburne's estimate of Roubiliac. The portly volume, copiously illustrated, is a labour of love. Born at Lyons, he was apprenticed to Balthazar Permoser in Dresden, from whom he imbibed the wine of the baroque, and later to Coustou in Paris, who directed him to *les débris sublimes de l'antiquité*. Mrs. Esdaile believes that he made his way to England in about 1727, where he worked for Carter and later for Cheere, until he made his name in 1738 with the statue of Handel in Vauxhall Gardens.

Though his life was prosaic, Mrs. Esdaile is justified in claiming the very opposite qualities for his sculpture. This falls into two groups: portrait busts and monuments. The latter, discredited by Flaxman and the neo-hellenists, and then by the Gothic revival, are still disapproved of by deans and chapters, who from time to time make efforts to eject them from Westminster Abbey. The portrait busts, in which Roubiliac continued Coustou's mode, are better known and appreciated, particularly the superb series at Trinity College, Cambridge, where is also the Newton statue. Mrs. Esdaile makes the important point that, decorative as these busts, with their vivacious modelling, may seem to us to-day, it was their realism that struck contemporaries. He was the only sculptor

of his age, for instance, who preferred portraying his sitters in contemporary dress. In his "Handel" he shows us the composer in *en pantoufles*. His conception of character was obviously no less incisive, even when he had to reconstruct his subject's personality from portraits and writings. But coupled with realism was intense emotion. Both his Newton and his Handel are remarkable for the spiritual exaltation expressed in their restrained attitudes of absorption.

In his vast sepulchral monuments restraint was thrown aside, and in an age that has little taste for allegory, many find his "gross representations" of spiritual crises intolerable. But once we accept his allegory and his rhetoric, we can feel something of the ecstasy with which such contrary critics as Chesterfield and Wesley beheld them. To the latter the Hargraves and Nightingale monuments were "the only true religious art in the Abbey." In them he does succeed in expressing intense emotion, and though we may smile at first at the realism with which the dead are displayed leaping astonished and delighted to life, we come to be moved in the same way as by a chorus of Handel. Their sincerity saves them from bathos, and the vitality of the modelling largely redeems the sculptor from the charge of monstrously abusing his material. A writer on baroque sculpture in general would be required to defend this laxity of the period's æsthetic conscience. Mrs. Esdaile is content to accept it without discussion. Her theme is "Mr. Roubiliac the great statuary," and she has written his biography as thoroughly as it can be written, leaving to more fastidious critics the pleasure of debating his status as an artist.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

Peoples of Old, by Don Agustín Edwards. (Benn, 28s. net.)

THE gigantic wheel of civilisation has been revolving steadily for considerably over six thousand years, the title, therefore, *Peoples of Old*, is just a little misleading when dealing in no way with archæology, but with the barbaric inhabitants of a country at a period contemporary with mediæval Europe, which is only the next bead on the chaplet of time to modern history, or the next cog in the wheel to our own. Primitive peoples they undoubtedly were, for so-called civilisation had only just discovered them, and the contact was long and bitter before they were affected by it. Don Agustín Edwards, a famous Chilean Minister to London, gives us an account of the struggle of the indigenes of Chile with the Spanish invader, a struggle which endured with all its virulence and bitterness from the first moment the Spaniard set foot on Chilean soil till practically the year 1819, for not until then were the Mapuches, or natives of Chile, "declared

The occupants of the fern dell are self-set; nothing has been done here beyond making a possible path and assisting the full development of the ferns by a clearance of the more sturdy weeds. Here the fall is rapid and the streamlet in dancing mood as it cascades down or whirls round rocks. It is a delightful spot in dry summer weather. When, in the drought of 1921, most waterways were dry, most meadows brown, most gardens weary and wan, the ground was damp in the dell, the ferns brilliantly green, the water still gallantly, if sparsely, flowing. When the afternoon sun hurls its rays directly at the west-lying

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to be Chileans" and the same constitutional rights as those enjoyed by the descendants of the invader accorded to the rightful heirs of the soil whom neither the Inca of old nor the Spaniard had ever succeeded in subjugating. These children of the soil, from the very beginning, fought for it with all the strength, cunning and savagery born, finally of despair when the struggle went on unabated from generation to generation through three and a half centuries! They were a warrior race from as far back as research into their past can take the writer. They regarded fighting as their most sacred and important duty, and when the Spaniard arrived he was confronted with a fully armed and thoroughly trained people who went forth to meet him as an everyday event. They had an inborn hatred of the stranger, who, hitherto, had been the neighbouring tribe and who likewise returned the compliment and shared the malevolent spirit, for "Hatred brings hatred." They robbed each other of their women, plundered and slaughtered each other mercilessly and never lacked a pretext of revenge; but in the face of invasion these "amiable" qualities were pooled and transferred to the new enemy. For those who like the strong flavour of horrors there is a goodly sprinkling from both camps, such as the hacking off of the limbs of prisoners, the roasting and eating of the same in their presence before death. This, we are assured, was a compliment, as the prowess of the vanquished was supposed thus to be transmitted to the captor. The Spaniards were mounted, and armed with steel, and the natives were mown down not like grass, for they resisted fiercely, but they fell in their hundreds where the Spaniards lost but two or three men. As they never saw a Spaniard die, they were for a long time under the impression that they were fighting immortals. The moment, however, they discovered that a Spaniard's heart beat while he was asleep, they concluded that, if it ceased to beat, he must die as other mortal men, and from that moment onward they fought with the determination never to be vanquished . . . and they never were! The book is illustrated with neo-primitive drawings, the crudity of which is well in keeping with its earlier pages. It is possible, however, that limbs with the suggestion of a little more anatomy than is visible in the sand-bag draught excluder would have enhanced, while in no way detracting from, the swift and vigorous action portrayed in some of them.

CLAIRE GAUDET.

Mr. Ram, by John Eyton. (Arrowsmith, 7s. 6d.)

READERS who have followed the fortunes of Mr. Eyton's boy hero through the fascinating pages of "Kullu of the Carts" and "Bulbulla" will be disappointed, perhaps, to find that *Mr. Ram* is not a continuation of his adventures. However, their compensation is that the latest of Mr. Eyton's novels introduces us to a grown-up phase of the question of race differences. Mr. Ram is a young Hindu from an agricultural village in Northern India, who, simple and utterly unversed in European ways, begins a career at Oxford. The selfish clannishness of English and Indian undergraduates leaves him with his landlord's niece, Milly Steptoe—a hard-working, sensible girl of the domestic servant type—as his only friend and sympathiser. Her interest in him develops into a love affair in which she is the dominant factor. One's sympathies are certainly with Mr. Ram so far. His difficulties are of the kind which fall naturally to the lot of a timid stranger among the insolent-seeming youth of to-day—and then Mr. Ram loses our liking. His whole character appears to go to pieces under the tide of misfortune, and he develops traits of cowardice and dishonesty which are painful to the reader who has liked his innocent boyishness earlier in the book. Probably he was never fitted for transplanting, and, unlike many Indians who do so brilliantly in our universities, was not really capable of benefiting by higher education. The story is told entirely from Milly Steptoe's point of view, and though no one could fail to admire her sterling qualities, Mr. Eyton's Milly has a bold clear view of her life and prospects which, to say sooth, is very rare among young girls, and particularly among young girls of her class. It is rather a pity that Mr. Eyton has hampered himself by writing the whole book in the Steptoe tongue when we know what vigorous English he has used in "Bulbulla," yet it is well worth reading both from the point of view of a sympathetic outlook on the question of racial differences and from the really acute interest we are obliged to take in the doings of poor, good Milly in the world of servants which underlies the life of the University of Oxford.

The Cardinal's Mistress, by Benito Mussolini. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.) ONLY Signor Mussolini's present could have been powerful enough to resuscitate the fragment of his past that is this novel. Not that *The Cardinal's Mistress* is an impossibly bad novel; if one takes into consideration all the circumstances, one realises that not many young

men could have done better. For Mussolini, at the time he wrote the book for a *feuilleton*, was only twenty-five, was practically self-educated, and had to fit the work into any odd corners of the day or night left over from his sub-editorial labours. No; what is the matter with the novel is that, though only twenty years old, it is fatally dated by the romantic flamboyancy of its atmosphere. For those particular twenty years, because they have included a period of stark reality, have wiped florid artificialities off the map of art. Nevertheless, the book has its interest, because it enables the reader to be wise after the event. Here we may detect the nature that can both gauge and satisfy popular taste; we may study a temperament for which there is black, white, red, but no tints that are delicate or neutral; we may note a certain generous fire of youth. Above all, we can see the clear signs of that dynamic energy which—if time does not extinguish it, as in this case it has not extinguished it—is always a remover of mountains.

Toilers of the Hills, by Vardis Foster. (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.)

THIS is a very long, monotonous and frequently ugly account of how Dock Hunter and Opal, his wife, with all their worldly goods on one wagon, made their way into the hills, pioneers in Antelope County, built their home, reared their children, starved, froze, sweated, quarrelled and loved, and at the end won through to some sort of peace and prosperity. Epitomised so it has an unattractive sound, but the monotony, which is the monotony of such a life, is broken by a hundred tiny variations; the ugliness has its contrasts of great beauty, particularly in descriptions of flowers; and the reader comes to share with the Hunters the anguished disappointment of ruined crops, and

in Opal's doubt and Dock's strange certainty when at last he has mastered the secret of dry farming that their future is now safe. There is nothing that is pretty or delicate about this story, and it is certainly not a book for every reader, but those who master it will rank it high as an epic of human endeavour and a gallery in which a few portraits, wonderfully etched in, are well displayed.

Calf Love, by Vernon Bartlett. (Constable, 5s.)

THIS story of an English boy in Germany has an old-fashioned air because, for most of us, the Germany it depicts seemed to vanish during the European war, and we look back on it with a sense of fairy tale. Much of that Germany, no doubt, still remains, but there is a shadow across its homely happiness. John Hardie, who goes to stay with the Westermans in Bromberg, is very much the ordinary English boy, and it is all in keeping that his arrival should be quickly followed by his first essay in love. It is equally natural that the two Westermann girls—the younger at first lightly, the elder afterwards more seriously—should become the objects of his affection. *Calf Love* is always pathetic with its wild idealism and its utter lack of poise and proportion. It is scarcely possible that it could be better portrayed than it is here.

A Cricket Bag, by James Thorpe. (Wells Gardner, 7s. 6d.)

AS an artist we know Mr. Thorpe very well: with remarkable economy of line he can capture the real atmosphere of cricket. Now he has taken to writing about the game, submitting as his only defence the fact that he "loves cricket very dearly." He proves it to be an entirely adequate defence, and he has packed much good advice and many happy memories into his bag. He writes as a club cricketer, and that is a welcome relief, for I think most of us are a little tired of wrangling about the laws of the game as applied to county matches. It is true that he has a fling at such vexed questions as the L.B.W. rule and unlimited Tests, and some of us will certainly disagree with his proposal to bar left-handed batsmen, but his understanding of the spirit of cricket is everywhere so evident that we cannot really grudge him his shies at the old coconuts. His sympathetic vindication of the rabbit is delightful; it is good to hear of the man who played "because he liked meeting cricketers," and of that No. 11 who denied his rabbitry by claiming that since he went in after the rabbits, he was actually a ferret. But Mr. Thorpe does not deal only with the lighter side of cricket: apart from his reminiscences he has some admirably sound chapters on batting, bowling, fielding, captaincy and umpiring; he pleads for the restoration of the old Bat and Ball Inn at Hambledon as the Valhalla of cricket, a suggestion worthy of serious consideration, and he goes very fully into the bibliography of the game. H. P. M.

#### A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

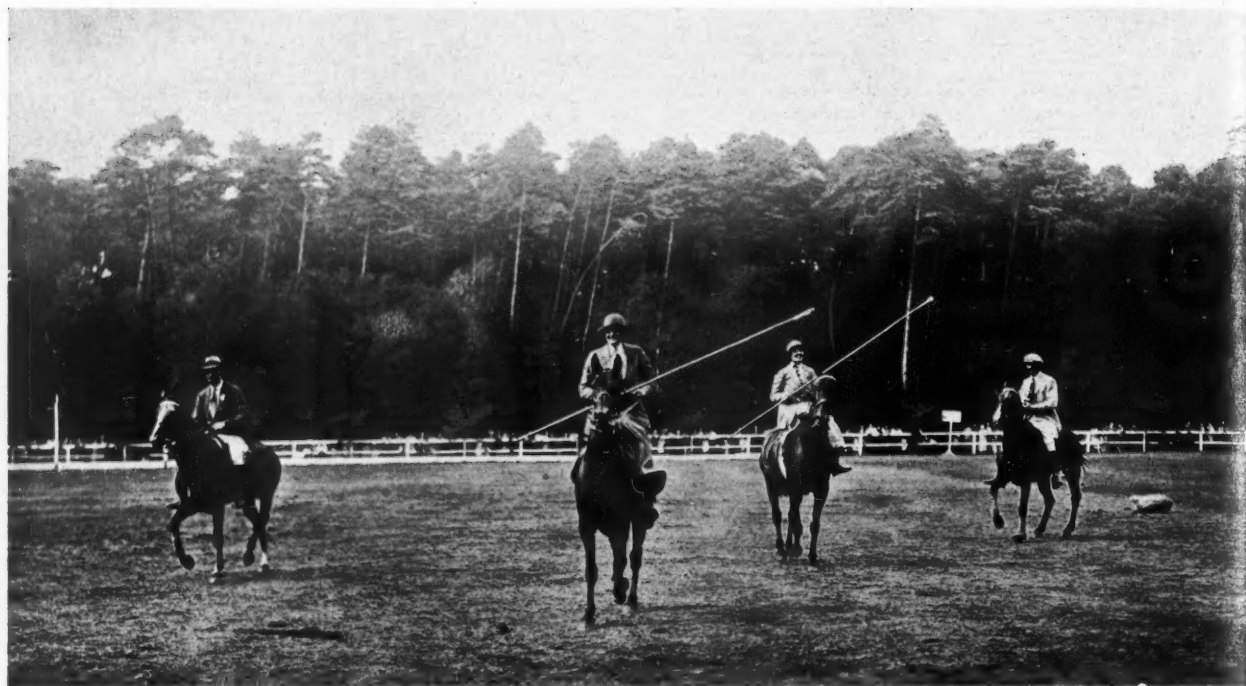
GIBBON'S JOURNAL to January, 1763 (Chatto and Windus, 17s. 6d.). MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT, by Muriel Draper (Heinemann, 15s.). FICTION.—BARBARIAN STORIES, by Naomi Mitchison (Cape, 7s. 6d.); THE WORLD'S ILLUSION (English Edition), by Jacob Wassermann (Allen and Unwin, 10s.)



"MARTIN FOLKES, P.R.S.A."

From "The Life and Works of Louis Francois Roubiliac."

## CONTINENTAL RIDING AND ENGLISH IDEAS



1.—LADIES TENT-PEGGING AT A GYMKHANA.

SINCE the war riding on the Continent has undoubtedly increased in popularity, as, indeed, it has with us. But, as also with us, good teachers are hard to find, and the general standard is, in consequence, not so very high. In Germany the enterprising editor of the *Sankt. Georg*, one of the leading sporting periodicals, has started a system of riding clubs throughout the whole country. The members are largely farmers, and the yeoman class generally. They take the horses of the farm and attend riding classes once or twice a week to be taught either "dressage" or jumping, under the local riding master, and make quite a fair show of it. There are, perhaps, as many as a thousand of these clubs, and once a year there is a big horse show for them, either in Berlin or Dortmund, when forty or fifty of the clubs send representatives.

They all arrive by road, and some of them come from as far as six hundred miles. In this way an elementary standard of equitation is maintained; but when we come to first-class riding the numbers shrink to very small figures. The reason for this is, perhaps, the difficulty in getting proper instruction. In Berlin, where there are "dressage" teachers only, very high fees are asked and obtained. They get as much as twenty-five to thirty marks per hour, and the schools are fully occupied all day long. To get lessons in jumping is very difficult in Germany, because there are only two or three who are capable of teaching, and they are amateurs.

The best school for "dressage" is undoubtedly in Budapest, where General Josipovich, the chief instructor to the Military Equitation School, is admitted to be the best teacher in Europe.

The Italians seem to go in entirely for jumping, and, as far as their style goes for sitting over fences and riding a *parcours*, their system is being adopted more and more by other countries. It was

unfortunate that we did not see them this year at Olympia, but, like so many of the other Continental teams, they were booked for the Olympiad at Amsterdam, and they could not get leave to go to both places. That they did not do so well there is attributed to the fact that they school their horses too much for the leap, and forget about school work.

Those nations that did best this year at the Olympiad were those who combined "dressage" with jumping, and the best performances were given by the Spaniards, the Poles, the Swedes, the Americans and the Swiss.

It is interesting to note that many other countries are entering for these international competitions whose names have hitherto been unfamiliar in the jumping classes. For example, the Portuguese, the Bulgarians, the Danes, the Czechs, the Austrians and the Japanese: the last of whom we saw in London this year for the first time.

The French are, of course, too well known to need comment, but they are always difficult to write about, because they have their own style, which is a mixture between the old school and the Italian, and their successes are irregular.

English ideas seem spreading everywhere. The two illustrations (Figs. 1 and 2) show ladies tent-pegging at a gymkhana and polo being played at Darmstadt. To those who are in a position to observe the principles upon which the various

countries frame their instruction it is sometimes very surprising to see how at variance some of these are. All the countries on the Continent, for example, lay it down as a definite and accepted fact that when going down steep places it is necessary for the rider to lean forward, no matter how steep the declivity may be. But the British Army have a different view. A film was put on the screen a short while ago, showing riders going



2.—POLO AT DARMSTADT.



3.—THE PRECIPICES AT THE TOR DI QUINTO.

down steep places, as a lesson that, if a rider sat forward, too much weight was put upon the horse's fore legs, and he was bound to fall. Figs. 3 and 4 are of Italian riders going down precipices at the Tor di Quinto, in which it can be seen that the bodies of the riders are forward the whole time. They point out the interesting fact that wherever a horse is doing anything of a difficult nature, the rider's weight must be clear of the loins, and must be so placed as to give the horse a free movement of his quarters. In this matter, from what I have observed, I am in agreement with the Continental view, which is unanimous and based upon a large experience of this particular exercise.

It may be asked, Why should anyone want to ask a horse to go down such precipices? And the answer is that, in the first place, a horse, to be well trained, must learn to go anywhere; in the second place, it is an excellent exercise for the muscles; and thirdly, it makes a horse clever and handy. So I can recommend this practice to the riders with

the Devon and Somerset, although I warn them that they will not find it easy to begin with. But, speaking generally, I think riders on the Continent favour "dressage" to any

other form of riding. This is, of course, extremely interesting work, which, when properly done, produces delightful hacks. With our many opportunities for hunting, this is an art which is but little practised in this country; but for those who have time for it, it is a delightful recreation, and helps to improve horsemanship in all its branches much more than many people suppose. But to return to jumping. Figs. 5 and 6, I hope, will be as interesting to readers of COUNTRY LIFE as they are to me. The rider in both cases is Graf von Görtz, perhaps the most successful trainer of



4.—AT THE TOP OF THE SLOPE.

show jumpers in Europe. Photograph No. 5 was taken in 1926, when the horse was trained well enough to win many of the principal events on the Continent, and the average person would say that the horse is making a splendid jump.



5.—1926.



6.—1928.

But now let us look at the second illustration, taken in 1928, after the horse had had another two years' schooling. Allowing for the different angle at which the second photograph has been taken, I think there is still no doubt that we see a very great improvement. First of all, the horse has lost all apprehension, and is jumping with his ears cocked. This is an important point. Then look at the angle of the head. After the year's schooling the neck is lower and much better placed; and also we should observe the angle of the back. In the first illustration he is jumping with it too hollowed; but in the second

it is much more rounded, and he is jumping with far better use of his hocks and quarters. Finally, observe how much easier it is for the rider to sit the horse when it is jumping in correct style. If we look carefully, we can see that in the first photograph his mouth is open, and in the second it is shut—a sure indication of the amount of effort being used.

From this we can learn that we should allow three years to school a horse to jump properly, and that those who think it can be done in a few weeks are expecting too much, and are asking for disappointment. M. F. McTAGGART, *Lieut.-Col.*

## BIRDS OF THE NIGHT

THERE is something peculiarly attractive about an owl; its soft, fluffy person, its air of knowing more than the rest of the world, and a certain mystery in its aspect all make it a bird of personality and distinction, and that whether it be the well known tawny owl of the woods, the witch-like barn owl of the farmsteads, or that alien, the little owl.

Of our native owls I think the tawny is my favourite, but, perhaps, that is on account of my friend Old Hooter, a household pet, who lived in the sitting-room until the tragic day he allowed zeal to outrun discretion. His favourite perch and roosting place was upon a curtain-pole, where he sat during the middle of the day, leaving it in the afternoon to fly about the house and make it ring with his hooting. When he saw me coming he would fly down on to my shoulder and gurgle softly in my ear. He was also on very good terms with my father, who was devoted to the bird, saying Hooter had more sense than forty parrots. Alas! there came a morning when the housemaid, silly girl, must needs take a broom and sweep the owl from his roosting place so that she could shake the curtains. Hooter never forgot nor forgave. Next time he saw a white cap coming he swooped down on his silent, muffled wings, and gave the maid a sharp rap on the head! Result—very nearly hysterics! After that Hooter made a practice of flying at the servants. They did not like it. Nor did my mother, who was, perhaps, the most worried of all, saying every girl would give notice. However, my father took the owl's part, saying the maids deserved all they got, for had they not been told to leave the bird alone. This was all right, but, as I have said, Hooter allowed zeal to outrun discretion. It was white caps that he concentrated on, and my father was bald, so when, one morning, the owl caught a glimpse of something white crossing the hall and dropped upon it, upon my father's bald head instead of upon a cap, to fly off with a triumphant hoot, his triumph was short-lived. Of what followed

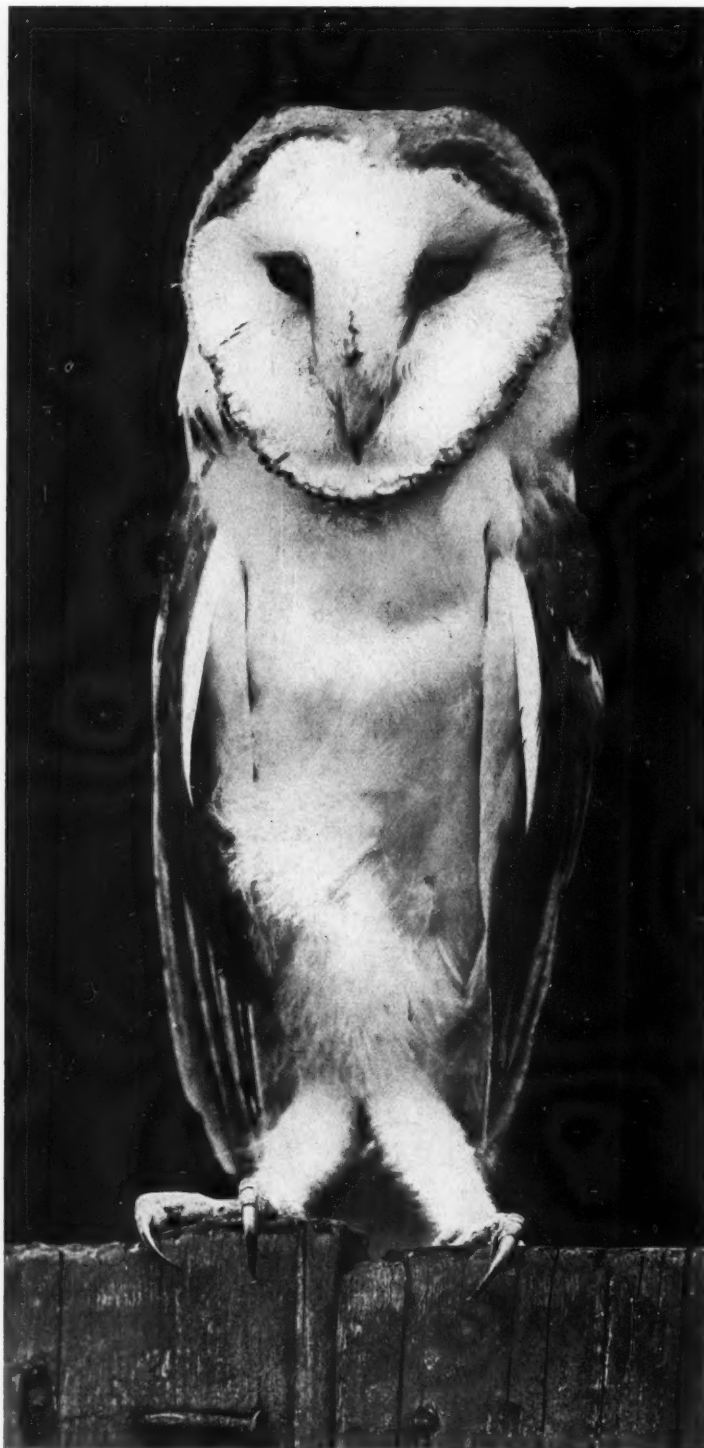
the least said the better! An outraged parent put his foot down very firmly, that "something bird must go out at once!" and into exile Hooter had to go.

It was Hooter's zeal that some years later led to his final undoing. He had a difference of opinion with a fox-terrier, and, regardless of the fact that he was no match for it, attacked the dog—a funeral followed.

Yes, the tawny or brown owl is a bird of great character, and a brave bird, too, for I have known wild ones fly at a human being when the latter was interfering with the nest or young. I remember inspecting a family of queer little grey owlets in a hollow apple tree, stooping over the hole and peering into it, when I received a most resounding thump on the shoulders. It was the mother owl resenting my intrusion. She gave me a second before I desisted.

There is another way in which the brown owl shows its character, and that is in a choice of nesting sites. The hereditary custom of its species is to resort to a hollow tree when the demands of the nesting season decree the choice of a nursery; but hollow trees in any given locality are limited, and where there are a fair number of tawny owls a housing shortage is inevitable. It is all right for the old married couples, for pairs who have secured territory and hollow trees in bygone seasons, as they merely reassert their rights, but the young couples are in a difficulty. They have got to find nesting places, and all decent hollow trees are already occupied, so they have to show originality, like the owl in the accompanying picture, which made use of a deserted sparrowhawk's nest.

Such a nursery is not what a tawny owl would really like, but it is better than nothing! I have known of tawny owls breeding in a magpie's nest, a woodpigeon's and on a platform of slight hollow between the big branches of a spreading oak. I have heard of a couple going to ground and rearing their owlets down a rabbit-hole; but all such nurseries are no more than makeshifts, to be used only as long as nothing better can be found. The second-hand



S. Crook.

THE YOUNG BARN OWL.

Copyright.

nest mentioned—that of the woodpigeon—was, for the owl couple, a disastrous failure, their eggs rolling off the platform of twigs and being smashed on the ground at the foot of the tree. As the brown owl is by nature a breeder in holes, it has round eggs. In a hole an egg is safe, it cannot roll away, but put such an egg on a woodpigeon's scanty platform, with no hollow in the middle, and that round egg will roll off at the least touch. It did so in this case. I found first one broken beneath the nest and then another, and the young couple failed in their experiment. A long, narrow egg, such as the pointed one of a guillemot, which cannot roll away, but when disturbed turns on its axis, might have been safe on the platform—the owl's round ones rolled off at once to destruction. The more considerable nest of a sparrowhawk might have been better, but the old owl in the accompanying picture will need to take care, or the egg that can be discerned beneath her breast will also be over the edge.

The barn, or white, owl is a much more conservative bird, hardly ever making experiments with regard to nesting places, but this may be due to the absence of competition for good places. The bird has got so scarce that such white owls as are left can pick and choose where they will make their headquarters, whether in some extra nice hollow tree, a church tower, in a dark corner of a ruin or the pigeoncot.

Why should the barn owl, one of the best friends we have in the countryside, have become so reduced in numbers? Here is a mystery to which we know not the clue, as big a mystery as the disappearance of the landrail (by the way, is the corn-crake coming back? I have seen and heard several this spring.)

But, about the white owl: when I was a child white owls were comparatively numerous. There were always a pair in the farmyard barn, and there was an owl, not one of these two birds, that came out each afternoon at three o'clock (you could set your watch by it) to quarter

the meadows systematically for voles. Up and down the hedges, backwards and forwards it flew, and then one saw it hesitate, pause, flutter earthwards like a kite of which the string has been cut, and lie, wings extended, on the ground, again like a fallen white kite. Of course, it had seen and caught a vole, this being confirmed when it rose and winged its way to a post, there taking perch to deal with its victim at its leisure.

No owl is a truer friend to the agriculturist than the barn owl, for it devotes its attention almost entirely to small rodents and rarely turns aside from its "mousing" to touch a bird. For instance, twenty-eight castings that I gathered from the roosting place of one of these owls yielded the bones of seven young rats (about half-grown), five bank voles, nine long-tailed mice, eighteen house mice, twenty-seven meadow voles, forty-four common shrews and two pigmy shrews. In addition there were the remains of three small birds, probably blue tits. Not bad work for our "cat on wings"! But what a thousand pities that this owl should have decreased so much. If it had

been the alien little owl, it would not have mattered a bit; indeed, the latter would have been a good riddance, living, as it does, chiefly on "feather" and thereby gaining our native owls an undeserved bad name. Now the mystery, as already said, is what happens to the barn owls. Why does one find them lying dead on the ricks, why are the old homes deserted, and why is it these nesting places no longer send five or more strange witchlike little owlets out into the world? Well, without being able to give any positive reply, I believe the trouble is some form of contagious disease, for such bodies as I have examined have been wasted and thin. Let us hope it will run its course and that the white owl will again come floating wraithlike through the twilight to take its ghostly course about the dark church tower and mingle its weird screeches with the hooting of the brown owls.

The short-eared or, as it is sometimes called, the woodcock owl—because so many come from overseas when the migrant

woodcock come in—is not under ordinary circumstances so peculiar a bird as the white owl. It has more of the comfortable character of the tawny about it, despite its beautiful orange eyes that belie the comparison; but I watched one once under an eerie aspect. It was on the high fjelds of Norway. The sun, which had sunk for a few brief hours behind snowy peaks, was rising again, gilding the purple heavens with a wondrous sunrise and causing the snow to blush a lovely pink. The valleys between the fjelds lay dark and grey, but all the sunlit snow glittered rosily. Across the snowy waste came a bird, at least I knew it must be a bird, but, coming thus out of the sunrise, it seemed rather the spirit of the wilds that shone pale gold in the strange light and, thus haloed, winged its way over grey marsh and glowing snow wastes to disappear over the tops.

It was but a short-eared owl patrolling for lemmings, but to me it was the spirit of the high fjelds.

Here, in England, the short-eared is not

a common owl. One meets with it now and again, but in my experience the long-eared owl is more numerous. It is a queer thing that the long-eared, likewise the foregoing species, respond to any increase in the mouse population. "Vole years" invariably bring the eared owls in their wake. As the short-eared is a migratory bird, this is easily explained, but the long-eared is not a habitual traveller, preferring to stay in its home wood, usually a fir plantation, sitting close against the trunk of some tall pine by day and coming out at sunset to fly through the twilight shadows.

Seeing the wonderful glaring orange eyes of the long-eared owl, which stare at you as if lit by inner fires, the marvellous eyesight of the owl tribe, which enables them to discern a mouse scuttering through the undergrowth when, to us, the gloom would be impenetrable, does not seem quite so amazing. Yet the orange irises of the long-eared and short-eared owls, the pale greenish yellow ones of the little owl and the dark orbs of the tawny all betoken equally keen sight. Yes, the eyesight



S. Crook.

YOUNG LONG-EARED OWLS.

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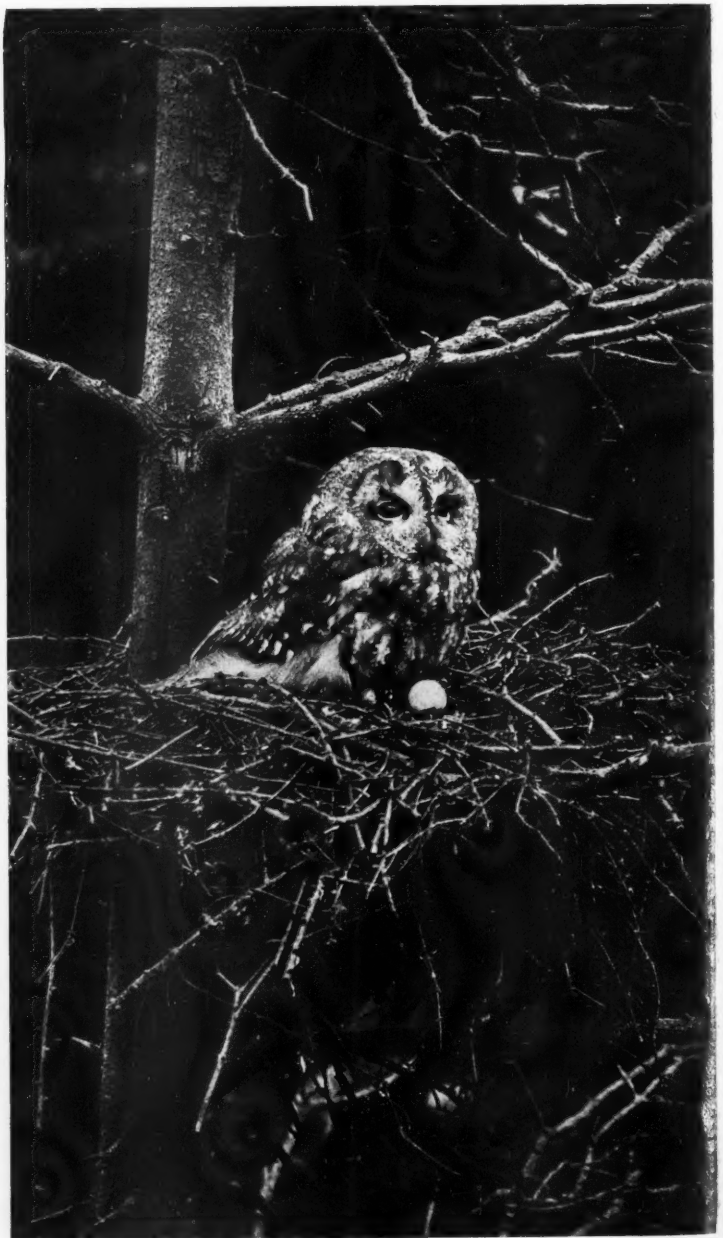
THE SHORT-EARED OWL.

of an owl, whether employed in scanning the woodland shadows, hedgerow and meadow in the pallid light of the moon, or the secret places of rickyard and barn, is always a thing to marvel at—no wonder the mice crouch motionless in their runs when they hear the call of the hunter of the night! One slight incautious movement and death will fall upon them, swooping down on silent downy wings, dropping from the night sky to bear off mouse after mouse. Let a vole move rashly and its place will know it no more!

It is curious that in young owls the eyes should look so weak. Take the red-rimmed, bleary eyes of young tawny owls as an example. They make their owners appear as if they have been living "not wisely but too well." And young long-eared owls have much the same appearance, suggesting the "morning after the night before"! The effect is especially peculiar when an owlet deliberately winks at you, closing one eye and opening it again in what looks like a studied wink. Such grimaces are, no doubt, due to nervousness, as is an even more peculiar effect, namely, the winking with the third eyelid or nictitating membrane, when this grey inner eyelid goes backwards and forwards across the eye. But young owls, when perturbed at the appearance of a human being, can put up more than one queer exhibition. Their postures are extraordinary, and apparently intended to bluff a foe into thinking them mighty fine birds and dangerous ones to wit. Look at the display of the young long-eared owls in the picture as, with wings spread and at the same time arched above their backs, they make themselves look four times their normal size, and at the same time exceedingly fierce. With snapping beaks, glaring eyes, spits and hisses they give a really intimidating display and one calculated to daunt a nervous opponent. When the alarm has passed they become quite ordinary owlets.

Some owlets try to escape observation by drawing themselves up tall and straight, pulling their feathers tightly about them and waiting motionless. Thus they hope to be overlooked; but if not, then they fall back on grotesque poses and attitudes, beak snapping and hissing, and anything else that will inspire awe, in a last resort falling upon their backs and striking with their armed feet.

It is surprising how much damage the talons at the end of those grey-stockinged feet can inflict! And the young birds have an unkind way of hanging on to the hand they have gripped, digging their claws in deeper and deeper. I speak feelingly on this point—or, rather, on the subject of these needle-sharp "points"—having experimented, unintentionally, of course, with regard to the matter. Yet once a young owl, of whatever species, understands you are its friend, that, far from being a ferocious monster bent on its destruction, you are well intentioned, mean it no harm, and are a possible source of mice and other dainties, it becomes as tame and confiding as it was previously the reverse. Then



S. Crook.

THE TAWNY OWL AT HOME

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S. Crook.

TWO YOUNG BARN OWLS, FOUR OR FIVE WEEKS OLD.

Copyright.

its strange attractive personality becomes apparent; you are greeted with a plaintive "kweek!" instead of beak snapping and blinking, and the owlet appears to forget it has a third eyelid, being now bent on keeping its eyes as wide open as possible to see what you have brought.

How quick the youngster is to espy the coming good fare, whether it be mouse or what not, every turn of its eager head belies the old popular notion that an owl cannot see in the

daylight. As a matter of fact, owls can see as well by daylight as any bird or beast, if not better! One of the greatest delights of Old Hooter was to sit and bask in the hottest sun, turning his facial disc to the light, drooping his wings, and absorbing all the heat he could. Yet, despite his fondness for sun bathing, Hooter, like all owls, was a true bird of the night, waxing merry and light-hearted as the shadows lengthened and making the dark hours ring with his calls.

FRANCES PITT.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### "A SOCIETY OF ENGLAND."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As an enthusiastic supporter of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and of a number of its "constituent bodies," may I be allowed to say that I cannot think that such a fusion of these as would destroy their identity would be either practicable or wise? Each—such as the National Trust and the Commons Preservation Society—has its own special object and scope, and since these, taken all together, do not cover the whole ground, they have now come together into one Council, which may therefore well be called "A Society of England." You, Sir, in calling attention afresh to Mr. Boies Penrose's splendid offer of £1 for £1 up to £10,000, to this Council, have pointed to the crux of the whole matter, *viz.*, that "the noblest of all English gardens is the English countryside," and our national aim should be to prevent this becoming increasingly a sordid waste with here and there a common or other "beauty spot" preserved. No more, incidentally—as says the London Society—should London itself become a greenless desert of brick and mortar, with just a few parks in between. What, as you infer, is now needed

is the practical co-operation of Government in this truly national concern. It is as certain as anything can be that no department of Government concerned in "development" (*e.g.*, Air, Health, Transport) desires defacement for its own sake. But such action must be prompt, if not to be too late.—

R. HARTLEY.

[We believe emphatically that a great gain in effectiveness would result from a pooling of resources by some of the societies working for the preservation of the countryside, notably the Royal Society of Arts and the C.P.R.E. The arts and the landscape are brought by modern conditions into an inseparable

unity, and these two bodies, by coalescing, would mutually complete as well as enormously assist one another.—Ed.]

### NEW LIGHT ON THE LITTLE OWL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the recently issued Annual Report of the R.S.P.B., I note on page 42 a very important statement by Sir George Courthope with reference to the feeding habits of the little owl, which, if generally corroborated, will place this bird economically in an entirely new category. He states that his gamekeeper, in trying to bring up between three and four thousand young pheasants, was losing heavily particularly from the depredations of little owls. These birds were caught red-handed over and over again, but in no case could any trace of flesh be found in the crops of the birds. Over two hundred were killed. "One night he heard a great disturbance in a particular coop, and on going to it, found one Little Owl on guard to give warning in time to two other birds which were inside. In the coop he found a much lacerated and agitated hen and sixteen dead pheasant chicks. He did not remove the little corpses; they were collected one by one by Little Owls, and taken to the banks of a

stream which ran only a few hundred yards away from the pheasant farm. Here the dead bodies and those of many small birds of other varieties were spread out at intervals of every few yards. By watching he found that at least three or four times a day the Owls came down to the line of traps, and what they were eating was the burying beetles, which came to bury the unfortunate little birds which the Owls had killed." A correspondent writes me (June 4th): "A friend of mine told me last year that they [the owls] took his birds wholesale and put them in open places along the stone walls and left them. . . . A keeper told me last year that they 'killed for killing,' and left the birds scattered about hedge sides in open places." Such habits on the part of the little owl have never, to my knowledge, been recorded before. Those who have studied the habits of this bird know well the hoards or larders wherein it stores up food. In adapting itself to this country it would seem as if it had very materially changed its habits. In the very exhaustive enquiry I conducted in 1921 and 1922, not a single instance of this kind was reported to me by my numerous correspondents, many of whom were gamekeepers. If any readers have observed similar habits to the

above, I should be grateful for reports.  
—WALTER E. COLLINGS.

### FIELD LIFE IN INDIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph showing the customary method of winnowing in the fields of India. The first sight of these primitive ways brings a thrill of surprise to see the muzzled bullocks tethered to a post, set up for the purpose, treading out the grain, and then the winnowing. But it soon becomes a familiar sight. Not only corn, but dal, a kind of lentil, is also dehusked in this way, and probably other grains, for the Indian is a firm believer in allowing Nature to take her share in the work of the field.

—MARY CARTER.



"EAST IS EAST."

## TOTEM POLES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of two totem poles brought from St. Rupert Island and re-erected in an Indian village on Vancouver Island. Although, to most sightseers in the Indian villages of North America, totem poles are nothing but barbaric, grotesque and even hideous symbols of superstition, to the Indians themselves they are relics of a venerated past and tokens of present social distinction. For the totem is, to them, something between a Catholic's statue of his patron saint, and an aristocrat's coat of arms. The carved, painted totem pole is a figure of the bird, beast or plant adopted by a family, clan or tribe, as their supernatural protector—its representative, whether animal or vegetable, never being killed or eaten by members of that particular family. The natives' regard for the totem spirit is of a religious nature, so the Canadian Government has very wisely ordained that these totem poles be protected from injury, and further, it has had many of them re-painted, to protect



RELIQS OF A VENERATED PAST.

them from the ravages of the climate. Great care is exercised to get the exact shade of colour required, because, says Dr. Harland Smith, the archaeologist, who has been making efforts to preserve these poles, a slight variation in the shade might, in the belief of the Indians of that section, send the ancestors of their tribe to the native equivalent of the white man's hell! The Canadian railway companies have, by friendly arrangement, purchased several fine specimens of totem poles, and re-erected them in conspicuous places alongside the line, so that tourists need not penetrate to remote Indian villages to view them. The work is all done by the Indians themselves, and no pole is touched until the local chief signifies his desire to have it renovated.—E. W. R.

## A WILTSHIRE LION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should like to point out that the titles of the interesting illustrations of "Two Herefordshire Lions" in your issue of June 1st have been accidentally transposed: Stretton Sugwas should be Leominster, and vice versa. Your correspondent, Mr. W. A. Call, is certainly right in preferring to the local tradition the subject of Samson and the lion as the explanation of both carvings. The beast shown is undoubtedly a lion. But, curiously enough, there is another Norman tympanum—that at Highworth in Wiltshire—which is, or was when I sketched it in 1884, inserted in the wall over the modern entrance to the vestry, where the same subject appears to be represented, but with the difference that the lion has been forced into a semi-recumbent position and the figure astride its back is that of a youth—not a bearded man—who is wrenching open the creature's jaws. There is a scroll on which the right paw of the lion rests, whereon was originally, no doubt, a painted inscription; and I suggest that this may have been DAVID ET LEO rather than Samson, referring to one of the youthful exploits of the son of Jesse, who, equally with Samson, was regarded as both ancestor and type of

Jesus Christ. I may be permitted to add that, besides the Stretton Sugwas and Highworth tympana, my friend, Mr. Charles E. Keyser, F.S.A.—whose recent death is a loss to the whole antiquarian world—has figured in his classical work, *Norman Tympana and Lintels*, the remarkable lintel to a doorway in Southwell Minster, by many considered to be a pre-Conquest carving re-used by the Norman builders, on which is represented the fight between David and the lion, side by side with that other typical combat of Michael and the dragon. In this last instance it is certainly David and not Samson, as a sheep rescued from the lion is represented as part of the composition. The accompanying drawing of the Highworth tympanum may be useful for comparison.—PHILIP M. JOHNSTON, F.S.A.

## "A CUCKOO'S EGG STRANGELY PLACED."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—For the last two years we have had what we call "Our Tame Cuckoo" laying eggs in wagtails' nests in the creepers on the house. I have always wanted to know if it was an uncommon occurrence. In 1927 we noticed it first, and found two eggs, and had two young cuckoos on the lawn being fed by wagtails. In 1928 we found five cuckoos' eggs, always in wagtails' nests on the house. This year again the cuckoo is back and I have already "flushed" her out of the jasmine on the house, where I know there is a wagtail's nest. She is very wily, and for the last week has practically lived in the garden, and I have been able to watch her. She sits very quietly on the trees or pergola, where she has a really good view of the house and creepers. She rarely "cuckoos" or makes herself conspicuous. We have a great many wagtails—"dish-washers" as they are called in Sussex—and I have always found at least four nests on the house. Our cuckoo is very tenacious of her rights, and I have seen her chasing others away. I can only suppose she considers this her particular beat. But I have often wondered, is it the same bird each year?—PHILIPPA SALVIA.

## OLD GATES WANTED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I occasionally hear of gates and rails of an ornamental character being discarded by estate owners in the country. St. David's Home at Ealing, in which fifty-four of the saddest cases of incapacitated ex-Service men are cared for during their remaining lingering days of life, has been made into a most attractive and comfortable home for these poor men. Fifty of the inmates are paid for by the Ministry of Pensions and the home is managed by Sisters of Charity. To complete the building scheme a pair of iron gates 10ft. wide, a wicket gate 3½ft. wide, and 50ft. of iron railing about 4ft. high are required. Should any kind donor be able to provide these, they will be accepted with the greatest gratitude.—CECIL PEREIRA.

## WAS IT A MERLIN?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It occurred to me that some of your readers may be able to help me identify a bird which I have had under observation near Enfield, Middlesex, this month. I happened to be rambling along some secluded fields in that neighbourhood, and had stopped to light my pipe under an oak tree, when a large bird, not unlike a sparrowhawk, flew out of the topmost branches. On looking up I saw what appeared to be an old crow's nest, much the worse for wear, perched precariously in a fork some 80ft. up. I concealed myself near the tree, and after a while a greyish hawk with long curved wings and barred tail flew up and settled on the nest. The next day I managed to reach the nest, and found it to be an old crow's nest in the last stages of decay, and so damaged by the winter winds that it was practically dropping to pieces. But I found it to contain four eggs of a yellowish white colour with dull brown spots and rust-coloured markings. Now, from my knowledge of birds, this could not be a sparrowhawk, as that bird invariably builds a bulky platform



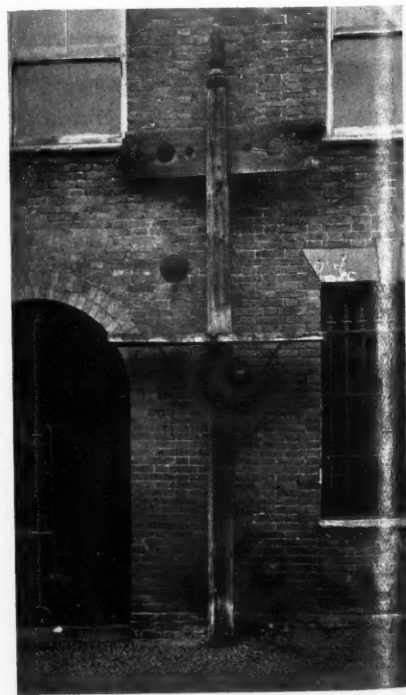
THE TYMPANUM AT HIGHWORTH.

of sticks on the basis of an old nest, and as I have found many such nests and am familiar with the eggs of the sparrowhawk, I think I am right in saying that it must be some other species. A kestrel, too, I know, also the eggs, and, though this bird frequently uses the deserted nests of crows, the colour of the bird and size quite decide that point. I took the egg to the Natural History Museum, and the only likely solution appears to be a merlin, as the colour, size and marking exactly tally with a typical specimen they showed me from their collection in the Bird Room. I think that this may interest many of your readers and I therefore send you these particulars in the hope of finding a solution as to the species of hawk it may be. I visited the nest some days later and found that the wind had blown it over and the remaining eggs were lying smashed beneath the tree. As Middlesex was and, I believe, is renowned for rare birds, I cannot but think that it is indeed a merlin, and that it must be one of those rare instances where a moorland bird nests in a wooded and thickly populated district. I have seen the bird once since, and it was skimming low over a meadow, apparently quartering the ground for prey. As I have the egg in my possession, I would be willing to submit it to anyone who is an authority on ornithology and who will write to me.—D. WATKINS-PITCHFORD.

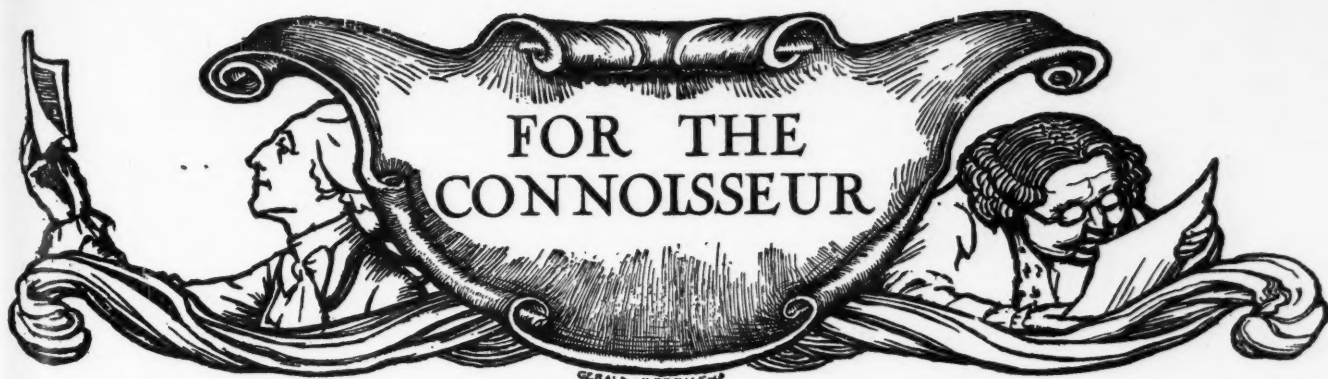
## FACILITIES FOR CHASTISEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is not unusual to find stocks surviving, but a complete pillory with whipping post is much more uncommon. The enclosed is at Coleshill, near Birmingham. The lower part formed the whipping post, with iron rings to which the prisoner was fastened. The pillory is above the platform. Coleshill was formerly an important market town, more important, in fact, than "Birmingham by Coleshill."—E. H. B.



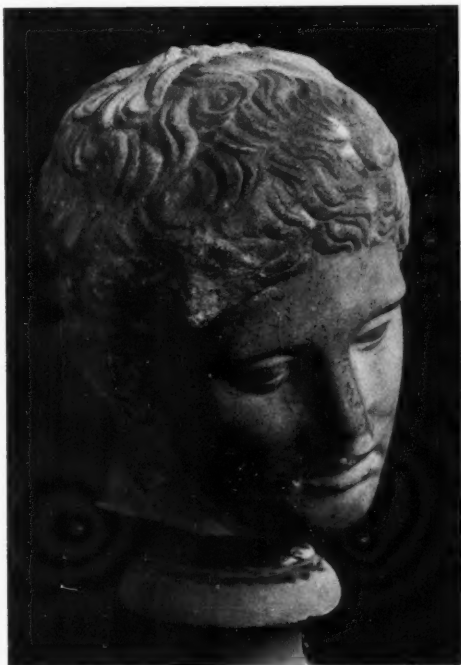
PILLORY AND WHIPPING POST.



## A MARBLE HEAD OF THE SCHOOL OF POLYKLEITOS

**A** HEAD of an athlete, an ancient copy in Parian marble of a work of the school of Polykleitos, in the possession of Lord D'Abernon, is an interesting work which is distinctly Polykleitan; "mouth and cheeks particularly," as Professor Furtwängler wrote in his *Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture*, "have kept a simplicity and severity which can only be due to the original," which it has been suggested is the Kyniskos of the great Argive sculptor, the basis of whose statue, inscribed with the names of both athlete and artist, has been found at Olympia. The head is to be sold with other objects of art and furniture from Esher Place by Messrs. Christie on Wednesday, June 26th, and the following day. In the last day's sale is a fifteenth century bust in carved wood of the Lyons school, representing a young man with irregular features and waving hair. On a carved wood head of a saint with flowing hair, which has the intensity of expression of Spanish work of the seventeenth century, there are traces of polychrome decoration. The major portion of the furniture is French, and among the finer examples are two commodes of the reign of Louis XV. One, from the Lyne Stephens collection, which is overlaid with panels of cube pattern in king wood and enriched with ormolu mounts, including shoes, angle mounts, pendant and scrollwork on the two drawers, is stamped "Carel," an *ébéniste* of the middle years of the reign of Louis XV of whom nothing is known but his *estampille*, but who probably worked in the south-east of France. A second commode, which is unstamped, is of serpentine form and overlaid with a trellis pattern in tulipwood and kingwood; while the ormolu mounts to the drawers and legs are chased with scrollwork and rococo detail. A clock by Le Paute, in a drum-shaped ormolu case, resting on a fluted column, is dated by the inscription on a celestial chart, "Eclipse de 1<sup>re</sup> Avril 1764," lying on the base between two winged *putti*, one of whom has a scythe. The sober lines in the detail of the frieze, are in the early classic revival of the close of Louis XV's reign.

Among textiles in the same sale is a three-leaf Beauvais screen, woven with a fanciful arabesque design in three sections. The central *motif* of the middle



MARBLE HEAD OF AN ATHLETE. END OF FIFTH CENTURY B.C.

panel consists of two nymphs under a curtained canopy, while in the two side panels are varied *motifs*, such as an oval medallion of Cupid, a peacock with outspread tail, a classical oblong panel and festoons of flowers. This sale is consequent on Lord D'Abernon relinquishing his house at Esher.

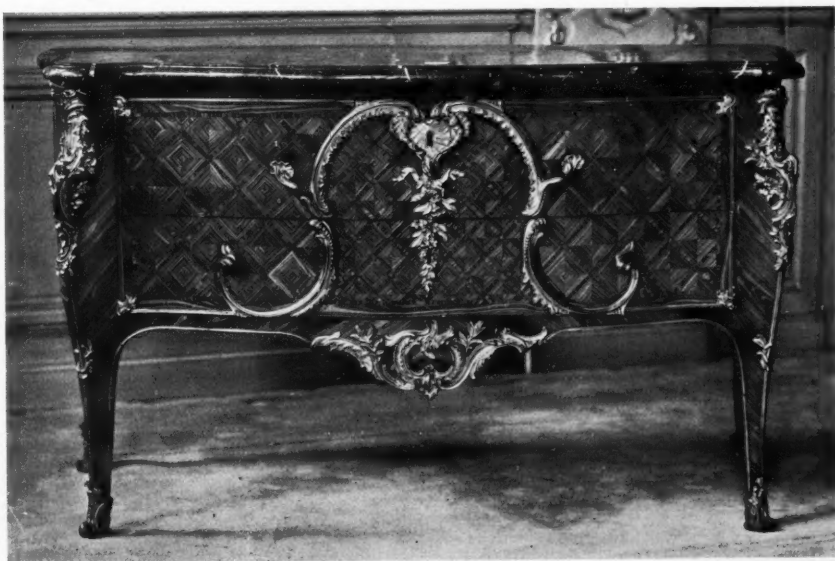
### RECENT AND FORTHCOMING SALES.

In the sale of the Johnstone collection of Chinese porcelain, chiefly of the Ming period and of the reign of K'ang Hsi, very high prices were realised. The highest figure (3,600 guineas) was realised by a bowl of the K'ang Hsi period, with black enamelled ground, a design of peonies and prunus, and shaped panels enamelled in *famille verte* with flowering plants and birds; a set of eight Immortals of the same reign, with robes enamelled with flowers, characters and emblems, brought 1,950 guineas; while a vase, enamelled with lotus plants growing in a stream, in aubergine, green and white on a yellow ground, was sold for 950 guineas. Dating from the Ming period, an oviform wine jar enamelled in turquoise and white with landscapes and figures on a dark blue ground, was sold for 450 guineas. In the recent sale by Herr Boerner of Leipzig, high prices were realised by old and eighteenth century engravings, Bonnet's "Tête de Flore" bringing 20,000 marks and Dürer's "Nativity," 18,000 marks. The year 1929 has been especially rich in sales of silver, and a further sale of plate by Messrs. Sotheby is due on June 27th, when the John Gabbitts collection, which includes a number of pieces by Paul Lamerie, will be dispersed.

### CARVINGS FROM THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

The Houses of Parliament, erected between 1840 and 1852, were built of a magnesian limestone from Yorkshire, which has developed "vents" making restoration imperative. Though these "vents" have rendered the stone unsuitable for retention in the building, it includes fragments of carving in good preservation, which are now offered for sale by Messrs. Foster of 54, Pall Mall on June 28th. Among the items are hexagonal base stones and head stones to cupolas and turrets, cornice stones and crocketed finials.

J. DE SERRE.



A COMMODOE STAMPED "CAREL." MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

## LEVENS HALL AND BROOME PARK

**L**EVENS HALL, between Kendal and Milnthorpe, probably one of the oldest dwelling houses in England, is to be let furnished, and Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have been instructed to find a tenant. The Hall is of great archaeological interest, every room is oak panelled, and there is a wealth of leather hangings brought from Spain and Italy. The Early Jacobean and Stuart furniture is entirely in keeping with the antiquity of the place. Its pleasure grounds are renowned for their beauty. The topiary garden, clipped yew and box hedges are grand, and there is a deer park of 167 acres. There is good mixed shooting over 1,814 or 2,743 acres, and a grouse moor of 5,200 acres if required, while the salmon and trout fishing extends to one and a half miles in the Kent.

In 1919 and 1922 Levens Hall was announced in COUNTRY LIFE Estate Market pages as being to let, and the rental quoted was £80 a week for the summer or 1,200 guineas for four months. The fascinating South Westmorland seat was described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. VI, pages 624 and 656; and Vol. XXIII, page 16). The Redmans, who held it certainly as early as the year 1188, transferred it to the Bellingshams exactly 300 years afterwards. Sir James Bellingham converted it from a Border stronghold into an Elizabethan mansion. The Grahams, or Grahmes, bought Levens from the Bellingshams in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and from them it passed, by inheritance, to the present owner, Sir Alan Bagot.

There is a saying, "Luck to Levens, as long as the Kent flows." The old Border pele tower, built by the Redmans, stood at that end of the house nearest to the road, and was, doubtless, similar to those at Sizergh, Kentmere and Dallam. The central tower of the front was built by the Bellingshams, and the oak and plaster of the hall were executed for Sir James Bellingham in 1585. The original chapel was transformed into a library by Colonel Grahme. The gilt parlour owes its name to the lustrous Spanish leather. The noted staircase of the Bellingshams exhibits on its walls the "Order of the Lord of Misrule," a faded manuscript of the time of Charles II. The Bishop's room, where Ken reposed, and the yellow room are worthy of mention.

Lord Stanhope styled the topiary gardens "the best specimens of their style in the country." They are said to have been planned by Beaumont, whose name is remembered in regard to the grounds of Hampton Court. Mrs. Humphry Ward wrote *Helbeck of Bannisdale* at Levens, and J. F. Curwen's *History of Levens* should be read by anyone who wishes to know more of the records of this grand old seat than can, necessarily, be given in this column. Levens is only a couple of miles from Heversham Station, the village of that name being little over a mile from the mansion.

## BROOME PARK FOR SALE.

**W**HEN Broome Park was described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of July 6th, 1907, it was the seat of Sir Percy Oxenden, Bt., a representative of such old Kentish families as Honywood, Knatchbull, Norton, Fagge, Finch-Hatton, Dering and Deedes, and the others mentioned by Barham in *Ingoldsby Legends*, including "Fairfax, who then called the Castle of Leeds his." In 1908 the estate of 5,400 acres was sold at the Mart. Badeslade's *Views of Seats in Kent* in the seventeenth century showed the formal gardens around the mansion, the seat of Sir Basil Dixwell, Bt. It was enlarged and really improved by James Wyatt in 1778. The structure was, when Mr. Avray Tipping wrote in 1907, and it still is, as sound as ever, an extraordinarily good bit of brickwork design, toned and weathered by age. The late Lord Kitchener of Khartoum bought the mansion and a good deal of the parkland around it. His trustees have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to dispose of the estate, which was the Field-Marshal's country retreat during his years as Secretary of State for War.

The Park lies in a sheltered fold of the Downs, midway between Canterbury and Dover, eight miles inland. It is beautifully wooded, having been laid out by Sir Basil Dixwell in 1634 as a setting for the Elizabethan-style mansion which he erected the following

year, utilising the small, finely wrought mellow red bricks of the period. The beautification of the estate was Lord Kitchener's relaxation during his arduous lifetime. His coat-of-arms with the device "Thorough" are seen on the Tudor stone fireplace in the Great Hall, and on the ceiling of the dining-room.

The grounds include an Italian garden with loggia, a fine old walled garden and a cricket ground. There is good shooting, hunting may be had with the East Kent Foxhounds, and golf at Deal, Sandwich and other links. The estate now extends to 720 acres. It lies in the heart of the "Ingoldsby" country, and one of the entrances to the Park from the main road is through the "Eagles" gateway, which traditionally is the original of the woodcut appearing in the preface to the Legends.

## A PENSHURST SALE.

**R**EDLEAF, Penshurst, between Sevenoaks and Tonbridge, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and the auction, for Mrs. Hills and Captain A. L. F. Hills, will not take place. The estate, bounded by the Eden, extends to 426 acres, the residence standing on Redleaf Hill in gardens of great beauty. The manor, mentioned in a Survey ordered by Henry III in 1258, belonged to Richard, Earl of Gloucester. A later owner was the Duke of Buckingham, who, after a quarrel with Cardinal Wolsey, was executed on Tower Hill in 1521, when his lands fell to the King. The Old English and French furniture, etc., will be sold on the premises on June 24th.

The sale will include a Jacobean carved oak coffer, a pair of Boule and tortoiseshell cabinets mounted with ormolu, a Boule and tortoiseshell writing-table, a Georgian six-leaf screen with painted leather panels, a carved oak armoire with Gothic panels, an eighteenth century carved and gilt four-post bedstead; a Georgian walnut coffer with carved claw and ball feet, and old English rosewood and walnut card tables.

No. 93, Park Street, Mayfair, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley on behalf of Mrs. Gemmell to Mr. Louis Baron. The firm is to offer Nos. 39, Lowndes Street, and 3, Cottage Place, Chelsea.

Mr. Solly B. Joel has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer Polegate Stud Farm, near Eastbourne, by auction, 103 acres and stabling for forty horses.

Messrs. Hampton and Sons have sold St. George's Hill, near Horley, jointly with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The residence, on a hill, is in gardens and paddocks of 5 acres.

Thurland Castle will be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Lancaster on July 5th for the trustees of the late Colonel E. B. Lees. The Castle, in the Lune valley, dates back to the fifteenth century, and is one of the ten remaining moated English strongholds. The sale will include 2,547 acres, five farms, Leck Fell, a grouse moor, and four miles of salmon and trout fishing.

## SUTTON VENY CHANGES HANDS.

**A** NUMBER of important transactions by Messrs. Wilson and Co. includes the offer of Pickhurst, Chiddingfold, by auction in July, in conjunction with Mr. Baverstock. Situate in a most beautiful part on the borders of Surrey and Sussex, between Guildford and Petworth, the estate is some 500 acres in extent, but the house can be bought with the park of 130 acres. A charming eighteenth century dower house is included in the sale. Sutton Veny House in Wiltshire, between Warminster and Salisbury, has been sold on behalf of Major Hoare. A very fine Georgian mansion is included in the estate of 300 acres. The purchasers are Sir Francis and Lady Lacey. Sir Francis is secretary of the M.C.C. Acting on behalf of Sir Arthur and Lady Hardinge, the firm has sold Coldharbour Manor, Forest Row, a replica of a Sussex manor house, practically surrounded by the Ashdown Forest; also Saracens, Hook Heath, the remainder of the estate of about 60 acres being for sale as building sites, and adjoining Hook Heath and Worplesdon golf links. Stydd House, Lyndhurst, and The Wood, Buxted, have been sold by the firm prior to auction; also Kildare, on the front at Herne Bay. Acting on behalf of clients, the firm has just purchased two Essex properties, namely, Stisted Hall, a

Georgian mansion of 100 acres, and Le Mote, Pebmarsh, 250 acres. Messrs. Wilson and Co. have disposed of leasehold properties in the country, namely, Weppons House, Steyning, with 50 acres, and Oaklands Lodge, Leigh.

Lord Melchett has bought Landford Manor, an old mansion, now occupied by Sir Frederick Preston, with 660 acres, to add to his Melchett Court estate. Mr. Douglas Eyre, the vendor, was represented by Messrs. Fox and Sons.

## A GARDENER'S GARDEN

**E**AST BURNHAM PARK, Farnham Royal, has been sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Duncan L. Gray and Partners. The property, which extends to 100 acres, is famous for its garden, which in addition to their natural beauty contain every variety of rare flowering shrubs and specimen trees. For many years the property was occupied by Sir Harry Veitch, the famous horticulturist, and the stamp of his genius is everywhere in the planting and disposition of the gardens. A feature of the grounds is a model of the famous maze at Hampton Court. The property has been sold for occupation.

Compton Verney, the Warwickshire seat, is to be offered on June 25th. The vendors are the trustees of the will of the late Lord Manton. The auctioneers are Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock. The estate extends to over 5,000 acres and includes the well known seat of Compton Verney, eighteen farms, thirty small holdings and two hunting boxes, and the villages of Lighthorne and Combrook with their eighty dwelling-houses and 200 acres of woodlands. The rent roll is over £5,600 a year. The vendors offer, on purchase money exceeding £1,500, to allow three-quarters to remain on mortgage at 5 per cent, and not to call in any mortgage for a term of five years at least.

Lady Lucas has directed Messrs. Daniel Smith, Son and Oakley and Messrs. H. and R. L. Cobb to offer Horsey Hall and 1,730 acres, including Horsey Mere, on the Norfolk coast, next month. Messrs. Francis Hornor and Son are associated in the auction. Horsey Mere is one of the quietest and most bewitching of the smaller Norfolk Broads, about two or three miles from the sea. The advowson to the living of Horsey is included.

Among their many recent sales, Messrs. Harrods, Limited, have disposed of Little Oaks, Pangbourne; Romelandfield, St. Albans; Dashwood, one of the pretty houses at Northwood, with Messrs. Swannell and Sly; property at St. Margarets, Twickenham, with Messrs. Penningtons; and Dunlo Lodge, Taplow. The firm is opening an office at Le Touquet.

The late General Sir George Higginson's Marlow Elizabethan house, Gyldebrook, 106 acres, on the Thames, will be sold early next month, on the premises, by Messrs. Lofts and Warner in conjunction with Messrs. Lawrence and Son, the local estate agents.

## A SALOP PLEASANCE.

**A** SHROPSHIRE property, Ashford House and 9 acres, on the outskirts of Ludlow, will be submitted locally on June 24th by Messrs. Morris, Marshall and Poole. The house is of Georgian character, and admirably placed for sport, as hunting can be enjoyed with the Ludlow Hunt and the North Hereford Fox Hounds. There is golf at Bromfield, five miles distant. Trout fishing in the neighbourhood is good, for the Rivers Teme, Corve, Onny and Ledwyche are all within a short distance. The vendor's estate of between 400 and 500 acres surrounds the house and grounds. It includes some well arranged woodland and there is a length of fishing in the Ledwyche Brook. If desired, a lease of the sporting could be given at a low figure from February, 1930. The small herd of fallow deer will be included in the sale.

Botley's Park, Chertsey, an imposing old Georgian mansion in a park, about one and a half miles from Chertsey and within twenty-three miles of London, contains many fine pieces of Adam work in the mantelpieces and ceilings, and in the Chinese Room is Chinese paper hanging on canvas. The total area of the estate is 334 acres. The agents are Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey. **ARBITER.**